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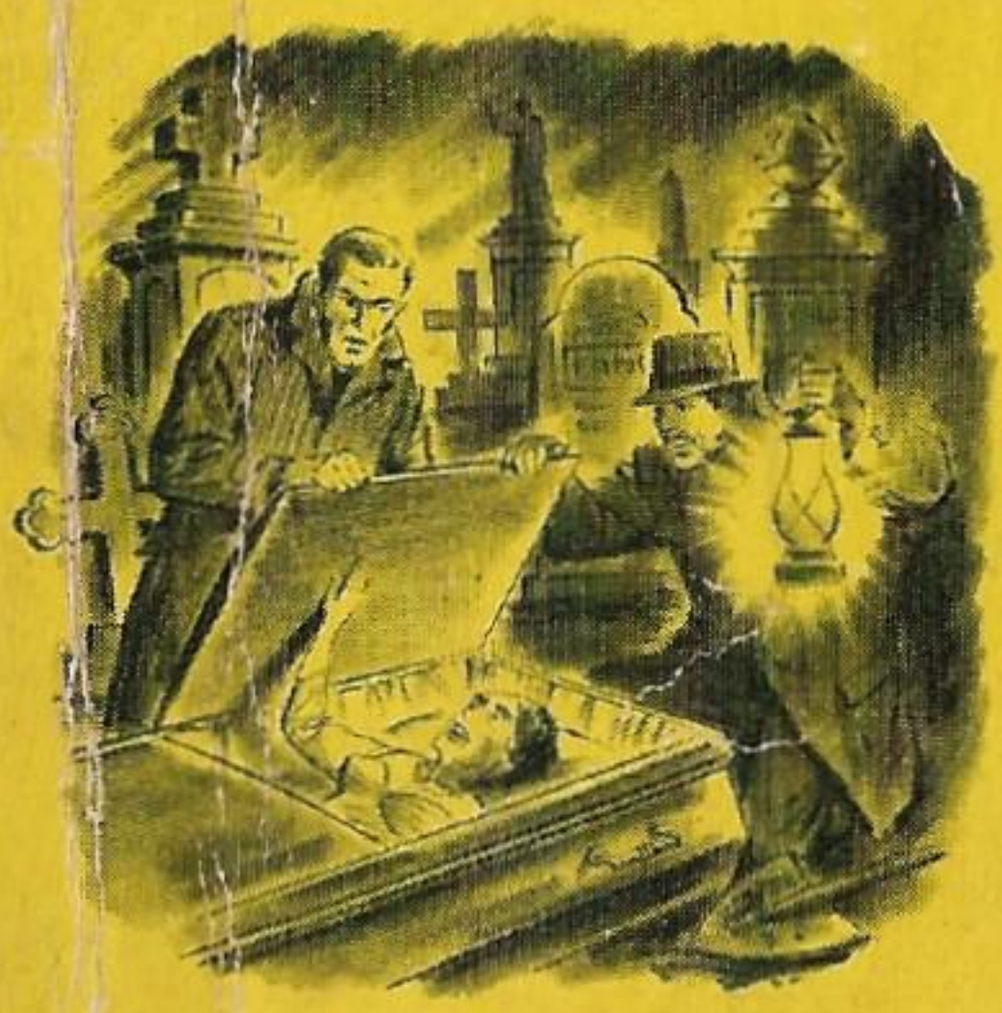
INTO THE STRANGE

OUT OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION: STORIES UNBELIEVABLE, EXTRAORDINARY—COMPLETELY TRUE!

BY WARREN SMITH

The monster that consumed giant ocean liners.

This supernatural patient haunts a doctor's study.



From beyond the grave, her screams reached living ears.

The woman who foretold disasters—continents away.

PREPARE TO BE AMAZED....

For you are about to enter a world beyond the barrier of reality as we know it —where men and women possess powers far above the natural, where the impossible is commonplace:

The three-hundred-year-old nobleman . . . the supernatural light that draws men to their fates . . . the woman wooed by a ghostly lover . . . the land where death does not exist—These are only a few of the incredible but true stories which await you as you pass INTO THE STRANGE.

INTO THE STRANGE

BY WARREN SMITH

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Dedication

To Joan:
A true believer

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Haunted by a Dead Lover

Clairon, one of the greatest actresses on the European stage, was a beautiful, strong-willed woman whose tremendous talent revolutionized the French method of tragic acting. In 1743, at the height of her youthful success, the actress met M. de Suir, the 32-year-old son of a Brittany merchant.

"He was handsome and possessed of considerable talent," Clairon wrote in her *Memoirs*. "I permitted him to visit me at my house and discovered he was ashamed of being middle-class, had a severe temper and a gloomy disposition. He despised mankind, he said, and wished to avoid everyone. He told of his love and insisted I should sacrifice my career and see only him."

Clairon laughed at the young man's strange request. She refused to see him again. Two-and-a-half years later, still professing his love for the French actress, the young man died. At eleven o'clock on the night of his death, Clairon was hosting a party when a "long, piercing cry of unearthly horror" blasted through her drawing room. The chilling scream was repeated again and again through the night.

The cry was heard each night at eleven o'clock whenever Clairon was home. Even the police were baffled after a painstaking effort to trace the source of the screams. "It certainly isn't anyone of this world," a policeman reported.

On one occasion, the actress was greeted with skeptical laughter when she told of her haunted drawing room. "If the terrible ghost exists, you should be able to call it anytime," a young man said, smiling indulgently.

Clairon accepted the challenge and, within moments, the room rang with the eerie cry. "He left my home rather rapidly," she reported, perhaps amused by the incident.

On another occasion, the macabre intruder blasted loud explosions to Clairon's discomfort. They occurred each night at eleven o'clock and always in the same spot. Again, the police investigated without success.

After two-and-a-half years of torment from the haunted house, Mademoiselle Clairon was visited by an elderly

woman. Twisting her handkerchief with nervous anxiety, the old woman related the following story:

"I was with M. de Suir when he died, mademoiselle, and even in his last moments his passion for you overwhelmed him," she said, sadly. "'That barbarous woman will gain nothing by her cruelty,' he swore and vowed to follow you in death as he had during his life."

Shortly after Clairon heard this story, the disturbances in the home subsided and the actress once again could live a normal life. At the age of 80, she died in 1803 and left the report of her haunted lover with her executor, Henri Meister.

The Dream That Saved a Soldier's Life

Nineteen-year-old Katherine Krazenski, weary and fatigued, dozed in the basement of her home as the night was shattered by the blasts of Nazi field artillery. It was September, 1939, and Hitler's swastika-swathed armies had rolled across the flat, fertile fields of Poland and were pounding at the gates of Warsaw. Starved, grieving and unprepared, the Poles fought against Hitler's blitzkreig-lightning war.

Two days previously, Katherine's fiancé had locked his family bakery in Warsaw, shouldered an ancient rifle and left for the front lines. "Don't worry. We'll meet again," Walter Polenzsky promised.

As Katherine dozed, the mists of her mind thickened and she dreamed of her fiancé. The strains of Chopin's "Military Polonaise" filtered through her consciousness as she envisioned a battered, shell-shattered building.

"Help me, Katherine! Help me!" It was Walter's voice, thin and weak, drifting out of the rubble. She saw a bloody figure trapped in a dark, dingy basement. Rats scurried through the darkness and gnawed at the weakened man.

Katherine awoke, shuddering at the vividness of the dream. Despite her parents' protests, she left to search for her fiancé. There were thousands of bombed-out houses in the city; Walter Polenzsky could be entombed in any one of them.

She had wandered the streets for slightly more than twelve hours when she recalled a small church burning in the dream. "That could be a landmark," she thought.

As the Nazis edged closer to the city, Katherine spotted the charred rubble of a small church. Glowing embers indicated it had been burned only a few hours before. A pile of bricks and debris lay across the front of a demolished building down the street.

Katherine dug frantically through the rubble and, without surprise, discovered a basement door. She raised the door and a weak voice asked, "Who's there?"

"It's me, Walter," she sobbed, running to the wounded soldier.

The basement was just as it had been depicted in her dream. A cluster of sewer rats stared from a damp corner.

"Can you walk?" Katherine inquired.

"I'll need some help. I've lost a lot of blood."

She helped her fiancé from the damp tomb. Katherine explained how her dream led to her search. When his wounds had been attended at Katherine's home, Walter said, "Warsaw and Poland are dead. I was trapped in the basement by an exploding shell. The people didn't bother to wait. They ran. We must leave now."

Despite several narrow escapes, the two young lovers slipped through the Communist lines on the eastern front and reached the Baltic seaport of Riga, Latvia. A stolen schooner provided transportation to Stockholm and the safety of a neutral nation.

After their marriage in Sweden, Walter and Katherine Polenzsky helped hundreds of freedom-loving Finnish and Norwegian citizens escape the oppression of the Nazi conquerer. They disappeared during a gun-running foray into Finland on September 2, 1942. Katherine's incredible dream became a legend among European Freedom Fighters. On several occasions, underground radio stations told about the dream that saved a Freedom Fighter.

"They Buried Me Alive"

On an evening during the first week of September, 1950, Dr. Giuseppe Stoppoloni and two other physicians interested in the paranormal, attending a seance conducted by the noted Italian psychic, Mario Bocca, heard, to their utter astonishment, the voice of a dead woman wailing, *"They buried me alive!"*

Dr. Stoppoloni, professor of anatomy at the University of Camerino, Italy, and a psychologist, inquired of the voice, "Who are you?"

"I am Rosa Menichelli. I was born and I lived in a village near Camerino. They buried me in the city cemetery. They buried me alive!"

"What do you want?" queried the physician.

"I cannot rest. Take my body from the grave so the world will know of my terrible experience. When you have done this, then I shall rest."

After the seance had been concluded, the physicians in attendance looked at each other skeptically. Dr. Stoppoloni nodded and made a note of the name, Rosa Menichelli. In the morning he would check the burial records of the city's ancient cemeteries. If what the voice had said was true, the matter might be intriguing to delve into further.

The grave of one Rosa Menichelli Spadoni, her married surname, was located. She had died on September 4, 1939, in the hospital at Camerino, purportedly of a heart ailment. She was buried September 6, 1939.

Their curiosity whetted, the investigators obtained an exhumation order and went to open the grave, ignoring the scoffing officials who accompanied them.

On the afternoon of September 13, 1950, the grave at plot No. 10, line No. 47, in the local cemetery was opened.

The skeleton of a woman was inside, on her back, the skull turned sharply to the left wall of the worm-eaten coffin. Bony fingers, which should have been neatly folded across her bosom, were jammed deep into the mouth. One hand had been clenched into a hard knot. Careful study of the remains in-

dicated the woman had tried to strangle herself in a frantic effort to spare herself the agony of slow suffocation in the sealed coffin. Her knees were pressed sharply upward as if she had desperately tried to push up the coffin lid.

On September 20, 1950, the investigators attended a second seance with the psychic, Mario Bocca. Once again the voice of Rosa Menichelli was heard emanating from the medium's transfixed body. "Thank you. Thank you. . . ."

Other questions were asked the spirit voice. She was queried about her husband and four children.

"I don't remember. . . . My husband has remarried. My daughter is grown now and is betrothed to a fine young man. I am happy for her. For them. I wish happiness for all of them."

The strange story spread like wildfire throughout Italy. Professor Stoppoloni embarked on a campaign to make it mandatory to examine bodies more carefully before burial. Since embalming is not practiced in the more rural areas and small towns throughout Italy it is quite possible that accidental burials of living people can still occur.

Unconfirmed statistics reveal that thousands of people have been buried prematurely in the past. These findings are based upon the removal of bodies from old cemeteries. It is estimated that one out of every 500 persons during the first fifty years of the last century had been buried alive in rural areas of France. Until 1900 it is believed that upwards of 3,000 persons annually had been buried alive in England. As old cemeteries are moved in the United States, it becomes increasingly evident that countless hundreds of Americans also have been buried alive. But thanks to modern techniques and up-to-date laws, these horrible errors no longer occur.

The Reincarnated Hands of a Dead Doctor

More than seventy years ago, in Lisbon, Portugal, a man died who still lives on to this day through his magic hands—hands which have been reincarnated and are possessed by a woman known as Portugal's healing witch. That man was Dr. Sousa Martins, a physician who had devoted his life to working with the indigent in Lisbon's slums.

Although Dr. Martins died before the twentieth century began, his memory is still beloved and revered and people still put fresh flowers on his statue which stands in a Lisbon city square. But more surprising than that is how a squat, jowl-cheeked woman by the name of Donna Silvina keeps the good doctor's name alive—she contends that her hands, which are indeed masculine in appearance, are the reincarnated healing hands of Dr. Martins!

In addition to this, Donna Silvina does not deny that she practices witchcraft and that she is, in truth, a *witch*.

"I have a gift," she publicly stated. "Everything I give comes from my hands. These hands transmit the wishes of the good doctor. *He* is the one who does the healing."

If there is anyone who doubts the mystic healing power possessed by this good witch of Lisbon, let that skeptic speak to any one of the thousands of poor residents who have been cured of their illnesses and infirmities by her healing hands.

The walls of her bedroom-office are adorned with canes, braces, and crutches discarded by those whom she purportedly has cured. At the foot of her tidy, quilt-covered bed there is a small altar upon which incense is burned while her prayers are being chanted. Approximately one hundred patients daily come to see Donna Silvina, filing into her bedroom in small groups to receive the benedictions of her powerful prayers.

Always before she attempts a cure she begins her ritual with a fervent prayer: "Let us give thanks to Dr. Martins for the cures he is about to deliver. I will express his wishes."

She stands before the altar, lights the incense and the candle; then her body tenses and she goes into a convulsion.

Those who have witnessed Donna Silvina's ritualistic "treatments" of the afflicted, the lame, and the ill, have no doubt that the weird masculine voice which emanates so hollowly from the depths of her rigid, entranced, plump body is that of the long dead Dr. Martins. They have no doubts because they have seen crippled men, women and children limp or be wheeled in and then, miraculously, walk out after the reincarnated healing hands have done their work.

Among Donna Silvina's patients are the rich and poor from every walk of life. At times, wealthy financiers and businessmen who are harassed by competition, seek audience with the witch of Lisbon to ask her advice in dealing with their adversaries. But to these men Donna Silvina has little to offer in the way of help except to suggest—for the price of a small contribution, of course—the use of a remedy designed to chase away ill fortune and bad luck.

One Lisbon businessman who had been cured by the self-proclaimed witch's reincarnated hands, had this to say: "The doctors gave me up and told me I had only a few months, perhaps a year at most, to live. On the point of despair, my wife begged me to visit the Señora Donna Silvina. I did not believe and I refused to go at first. But then I changed my mind. I have never regretted making that visit. A miracle took place that day two years ago. Now I am well and healthy. The doctors were amazed. They could find no trace of the cancer that had been killing me.

"I would not ask the blessed witch for business advice," he added, "because to do so would be blasphemy. Her powers should only be used to cure people, not business affairs."

Though the reputation of the witch of Lisbon has spread far and wide, few realize that they cannot be healed by her unless they themselves believe in her powers wholeheartedly.

"When my beloved sheep flock to me for help, they *must* believe that my gifted reincarnated hands can and will help heal their afflictions—otherwise," said the witch of Lisbon, "my hands cannot help them."

Is *belief* the secret of Señora Donna Silvina's healing powers—or are her hands really the incarnated hands of the long since dead Dr. Sousa Martins? We wonder, but only the good witch of Lisbon can give us the real answer.

The Return of the Devil's Daughter

In the small Mexican town of Ojinaga just eighty-five miles south of the Texas border, a woman was burned at the stake because she was—of all things—a witch!

The date it happened was July 3, 1955. The events which immediately preceded this modern-day witch hunt were reason enough for the people of Ojinaga to take matters into their own hands, for a cult of witches, purportedly led by the "Devil's Daughter," had come back to life to terrorize the community.

At first, no one in the sleepy town had paid much attention to the legends about the "Devil's Daughters" or witches who were supposed to frequent a certain cave on a nearby hillside. But when a shepherd boy stumbled upon a wild orgiastic scene one night, and then told the villagers of what he saw, the people of Ojinaga became deeply concerned. The boy reported he had seen five of the village señoritas cavorting in the nude around a bonfire at the mouth of the haunted cave. He had failed to recognize any of the girls; but he had recognized one woman who seemed to be leading the rites. Her name was Josephina Aristo, a strikingly lovely, raven-haired beauty who lived in an adobe hovel on the outskirts of Ojinaga.

How was this possible? whispered the townsfolk amongst themselves behind locked windows and barred doors. Surely, hadn't the black robed padres who had established their missions in the country back when the Spanish conquistadors had brought them to Mexico exorcised all of the dreaded witches *then*? Did this mean that the satanic Lord of the Underworld, who had been imprisoned within the feared Devil's Cave by the great cross implanted before its entrance, had somehow sowed his seed amongst them and had spawned a new brood of daughters? God forbid! They crossed themselves and became suspicious and watchful of the mysterious beauty, Josephina Aristo.

Weeks went by and the whispers continued. The goings and comings of the Señorita Josephina Aristo were duly re-

ported to the elders of the town. Then one night a young farmer was seen creeping into the señorita's adobe. The townsfolk rushed to the scene and surrounded the house. The farmer's wife was called, then the mob invaded the building. They caught the young farmer in a compromising situation. The very lovely and quite naked Josephina Aristo was in bed, staring at them all, wide-eyed in fury.

When confronted by his shocked and infuriated wife and all those people, the young farmer swore that he had been captivated by the voluptuous señorita. He whirled round and pointed a finger of accusation at Josephina. "I was forced to make love to her!" he cried. "She's cast an evil spell over me. If I didn't come here to make love to her she would have killed me with her magic."

The old people crossed themselves and nodded. What the young farmer had said was true. The Devil's Daughters cannot live without men.

As the farmer's young wife tugged him out of the adobe, Josephina Aristo's coal-black eyes fixed him with a murderous stare. Her lips muttered unheard curses.

The next morning, the young man who had lain with Josephina Aristo was struck down with an unknown malady. Through lips contorted with pain, he cried, "The witch is killing me. It is her black magic—"

A few hours later he was dead.

Fear clutched at the hearts of the townspeople. Even those who had been her friends for years were terrified. Then all sorts of strange illnesses began to strike down their children, livestock, poultry, and even their household pets.

While fear was mounting amongst the inhabitants of Ojinaga, a procurer of prostitutes named Tony Cortena was visiting the area. He heard about the rumors surrounding the beautiful alleged "witch" and he was intrigued. Such a woman would have good reason to go away with him so he could sell her to a white slave ring.

Cortena approached Josephina and gave her his proposition. He received a slap in the face for a reply. But he was not content to take no for an answer. He loitered around the town square awaiting a second chance to accost her.

Then he saw her approaching. He stopped her brusquely and held her fast. Josephina began to struggle. She spat vile curses at him which were heard by the townspeople nearby. Several people laughed. This infuriated Cortena. A knife

blade clicked open in his hand. When Josephina tried to break away from him, he slashed her with the blade.

Police charged into the square, alerted by the screams and shouts. Cortena was taken into custody. While he was being led into the jail Josephina spat a curse at him. "You will be dead before sunrise, you peeg!"

To the horror of all, Josephina's words came true. Tony Cortena was found dead in his jail cell the next morning. Now everyone knew that the dreaded Devil's Daughter had successfully cursed and placed a death hex on the second man who had crossed her path. The word spread like wildfire throughout the vicinity. "Josephina Aristo has the power of Satan."

On the evening of July 2, 1955, several frightened young men entered the town square on the run. They were shouting at the tops of their voices that they had spied upon Josephina Aristo and had seen her conducting the evil rites of a Witches' Sabbath near the entrance to the Devil's Cave. She was there at that moment with five young girls who lived in the town.

Before the milling crowd of townspeople could take matters into their own hands, the police rushed to the scene of the bonfire and arrested Josephina and the others. They placed them all under heavy guard and locked them in the jail.

But during the early morning hours of July 3, 1955, the townspeople of Ojinaga had formed a vigilante committee and successfully stormed the jail where they overpowered the guards and dragged Josephina into the town square. While a kangaroo court decided Josephina's fate, the five young girls who had been apprehended with her were stripped naked, shorn of their hair, and driven from the town.

But Josephina Aristo was not to be so fortunate. She was tied to a stake and burned alive.

Thus, on the morning of July 3, 1955, a modern-day witch was burned at the stake. But was she in truth really a witch, or merely a handmaiden of the Devil? No one can provide the answer—those who participated in the burning of Josephina Aristo are no longer around. Most of them have died under unusual circumstances. And those who witnessed the deed—they aren't talking.

The Voice from the Ancient Colossi of Memnon

Less than two miles from the Nile and within the shadow of the heights surrounding the Valley of the Kings in Western Egypt there stand two gigantic statues. These sixty-four-foot-tall figures of Amenophis III were called by the Romans "The Colossi of Memnon." They had been a source of mystery since the fifteenth century before Christ when they were "built to last forever" at the site of an ancient temple mortuary. This mystery however does not have anything to do with the inscriptions in ancient Egyptian, Greek, and Latin which have been inscribed on the bases of each statue. Instead, it has to do with the unexplainable musical note that sounded from the northernmost statue. Purportedly it is the "voice of Amenophis III" which may still be heard each day at sunrise.

Investigators since the time of Strabo, the historian who visited Aelius Gallus, Roman governor of Egypt in 20 B.C., have expressed their mystification over the weird sounds that were heard at daybreak. Strabo wrote: "I could not affirm whether it [the sound] came from the base or from the statue itself. . . ." Many other investigators also were unable to trace the source of the "cry of Memnon."

Some believe the voice is caused by an ingenious device of a semimechanical nature which emanates sound at the first warmth of day. Yet, no proof of this has ever been offered.

To this day few guides or vendors venture near the giant statues that sit alone in a watery field which has been irrigated by a canal that runs inland from the Nile.

Three thousand four hundred years ago the two colossal statues guarded the temple at Luxor which had been built to celebrate the glory of Amenophis III. However, two centuries later, King Merneptah decided to steal the mortuary shrine and use it for himself. He had his legions of slaves steal everything but the two stone colossi. He would have taken them too, had it not been for the fact that his overseers

were horrified at the prospect of disturbing "the monuments that talk."

The weird sound that can be heard from the northernmost figure is said to be the "voice" of Amenhotep, the wizard-architect who constructed the enormous memorials. He supposedly put a "spell" on the construction so it would echo and re-echo his voice throughout eternity.

The secret of the "voice" of the ancient colossi of Memnon has never been learned. Perhaps it never will. But when historians quote Napoleon—one of the many invaders of Egypt who said, in 1798, when his soldiers were within sight of the pyramids, "Forty centuries look down upon you"—it might do well to add, ". . . and forty centuries *speak* to you. . . ."

Who Buried the Strange Objects Centuries Ago in North America?

In August, 1955, two young students on a camping trip in the Canadian wilds discovered a strange mound of earth in which they found, of all things, peculiarly shaped pebbles containing gold coins!

How the coins—which were minted in Mexico during Montezuma's time—got there, or had been imbedded inside those stone pebbles, is a mystery that has baffled everyone who investigated the find. In all, six small gold coins were found. They appeared to have been fashioned as amulets rather than money. Numismatists who have studied these dime-size objects under microscopes have been unable to identify them. Their value as curiosity pieces is intrinsically worth more than their cash value. Perhaps some day someone will discover the meaning of the mutilated ciphers or hieroglyphics on the faces of the coins—and perhaps then we may know who buried the coins and *how* they managed to imbed them inside stone pebbles.

In Davenport, Iowa, archeologists excavated an ancient Indian burial mound and discovered, of all things, pieces of eight! The "testons", nicknames given to Spanish Reales or pieces of eight, were minted in the 1600's. The date of the interment of the deceased Indians had been fixed at about 1750 to 1800. If the coins could only speak, what a story they might tell of how the long-since dead Indians obtained the gold coins from Spanish explorers! Coins and other artifacts have frequently been found in ancient burial grounds, for it was the custom of primitive peoples, as well as that of the American Indians, to bury the valuables of the deceased with the body so that the wealth might be enjoyed in the happy hunting grounds.

In the spring of 1936, Thomas Kenny of Plateau City, Colorado, struck stone in the ground beneath his house where he was digging a vegetable and root cellar. He carefully spaded the earth around the obstruction and discovered, ten

feet below the ground, a pavement of hand-fashioned tiles. Experts who investigated Mr. Kenny's unusual find declared that the tiles were between "twenty and eighty *thousand* years old!" Who buried these strange objects so long ago—and why? Perhaps some day man may learn the answer when he probes further into the strange.

The Duplicate People and Their Duplicate Thoughts

In the fall of 1959 when the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Burl Wolfe started to school in Bossier City, a suburb of Shreveport, Louisiana, they discovered to their dismay that it had become impossible to tell which five-year-old girl was which. In fact, the twins had become so identical that they themselves were confused as to who they were!

The police were asked to help with the identification of the children and a fingerprint expert was asked to examine the footprints which had been placed on the children's birth certificates when they were born.

To the utter amazement of the authorities it was discovered that the little girls' footprints were perfect duplicates. It was nigh onto impossible to tell which child was which. A year later the Wolfes thought their problem solved when a mole formed on the forehead of one child. However they were soon dismayed once again when the other twin also sprouted a mole in the identical place.

For centuries people have been puzzled about the strange matching of identical twins such as the little Wolfe girls. Time and again identical twins not only have displayed uncanny resemblances in physical appearance, but have demonstrated as well remarkable gifts of extra-sensory perception (ESP). When one twin experiences pain, the other may likewise feel that pain, even though he or she may be a great distance away.

Researchers at the University of Alberta, Canada, and at the Jefferson School of Medicine in Philadelphia, Pa., have tested the ESP abilities of identical twins—and have proved that identical and even some fraternal twins do have the ability to duplicate each others' thoughts. One of the tests incorporated the use of a brain-wave machine, or E.E.G. (Electroencephelograph), which records the patterns of human brain waves. During these tests it was learned that the

same patterns occurred in the twins simultaneously while undergoing simple reaction tests.

A Mississippi State University psychologist tested two young girls who were identical twins and found—to her astonishment—that the children used ESP to help each other with their school tests!

Even when identical twins are separated at birth they frequently display startling similarities in their thought and behavior patterns. Such a case is that of Don and Pete Lawrence, two twins who were placed in an Ohio orphanage. Don was adopted and raised in Ohio. Pete was taken to California by his foster parents. The years passed and finally, when they were in their thirties, they managed to trace each other. When they met for the first time in twenty-five years they were amazed by the similarities of their lives. Each had excelled at football in his teens. Each played the same line positions on the team. Each preferred certain foods. And each had become the owner of a small-town hardware store with approximately the same initial investments and the same inventories—even to specialty items. They smoked the same brand of tobacco, wore the same style of clothes, and had bought identical cars (same make and model and color) on the same day, and they found hundreds of other strange similarities.

Today researchers are studying the uncanny abilities of identical twins with a view to the future, for it is felt that such research may enable future astronauts to communicate with each other—by thought waves. When man learns the secret of how to duplicate the behavior patterns and thought waves in his mind, perhaps then he may unlock the door to the mysteries of many other strange secrets which will help to conquer the universe.

The First Time I Died

The physicians in congress at the 1937 meeting of the distinguished Royal Medical Society at Edinburgh, Scotland, were astounded by a first-person report made by one of the fellows, Sir Auckland Geddes. The audience of doctors had good reason to be astonished, for Sir Auckland reported in detail that he had died—and then had been brought back to life. For the first time in modern-day medical history a factual report on what happens to the consciousness at the moment of death and immediately afterward was delivered to a body of scientists.

Sir Auckland, himself a physician of note, addressed his contemporaries in a grave voice. "On Saturday, the ninth day of November last, shortly after midnight, I fell ill. By two A.M. my illness worsened and by ten A.M. I knew I had developed the symptoms of acute poisoning. Intense gastro-intestinal pain, weakening pulse, failing respiration, diarrhea; all these indications were noted. I tried to ring for help, but by then it was too late. I was too feeble and I was succumbing to a state of general euphoria. As my respiration continued to falter I grew aware of the fact that my heart was fibrillating rather than beating.

"Then I felt my body consciousness beginning to drift. As this went on I became increasingly aware of the feeling that somehow my consciousness was evacuating my body.

"Gradually, I realized that I could not feel any physical sensation whatsoever. My heart had stopped. My lungs began to collapse.

"Then I could see not only my body and the bed in which it was, but everything inside the entire house and the grounds outside. I began to realize that I could see not only those material things which were at home, but those in London and here in Scotland as well. In fact, wherever my thoughts wandered, so my attention likewise was drawn and I could see everything clearly, below my ethereal self. From what source I drew my strength, I did not know. I somehow knew that I was floating or flying in some time-

dimension of space wherein 'now' was in some way equivalent to 'here' in the ordinary, three-dimensional space of everyday life.

"When I saw my wife enter my bedroom I knew I was dead. There was no feeling within me now. I saw how terrified she was as she rushed to the phone. I saw my doctor friend leave his patients and come to the house where my body was as quickly as he could drive and run. I heard him say to my wife, or I could have heard him think, 'He is gone.'

"Then I heard him quite distinctly as he spoke to my still body. But I was floating above the room and I could not answer. I was furious when I saw him ready a syringe of adrenalin and then plunge it into my heart.

"After a while my heart began to beat once again. I felt myself being drawn down and being pulled back into my body. I recall that I had a feeling of intense annoyance because I was so interested and was just beginning to understand where I was and what I was seeing.

"When I regained consciousness in my mortal body I lost the peripatetic feeling of invincibility and omnipresence and I was angry because once again my physical being was suffused with pain."

When Sir Auckland had concluded his startling narrative it was to be expected that many of his peers would ridicule him—and ridicule Sir Auckland they did. Afterward, surrounded by a handful of close friends who believed his story, Sir Auckland was induced to "tone down" his paper somewhat and tender a less startling report. Eventually this was done. However the facts remain. Sir Auckland's report on the first time he died has been recorded in the archives of medical history. Perhaps some day soon other such reports will confirm what happens after death.

Flying Rocks and Bouncing Boulders

On October 12, 1964, a man shuffled into the police station at Bulacan near Manila in the Philippine Islands and complained, "Sirs, I cannot sleep at night because rocks and stones are raining down on my house from the sky. Can you help me?"

The police investigated and found that they could indeed help the complainant, Alfonso Santos. But the help they were able to give was beyond the realm of logic or reason. They discovered that a fourteen-year-old boy who had been adopted by Santos two years before apparently had something to do with the rain of rocks and stones that pelted the house. Whenever the youth, Ernesto Rabanzos, was present in the house—and asleep—a shower of stones rained against the structure to the utter mystification of all those present.

When the rain of stones did not let up, the police suggested that Ernesto leave the Santos home and live elsewhere for a while. So the youngster moved in with Nemesia Santiago, a prominent community leader in the province. From the first night the boy arrived to the day when he departed, the stones rained against the Santiago family's home.

The police and other curious investigators could offer no explanation for the strange happenings. Whenever the boy slept, stones pelted the roof of the house in which he was asleep.

A local priest was called upon for help. Ernesto was promptly sent to a nearby convent. As soon as he was inside the convent walls, and had dropped off to sleep, huge stones rained down upon the roof.

There, Antonio Sumala and Donato Fernandez were struck and injured by the stones. The perplexed clergy were at a loss to understand or explain what was happening. Efforts were made to exorcise the evil spirits, but these prayers were in vain. The rocks continued to bounce around the premises. Only when Ernesto Rabanzos was moved elsewhere, to some other temporary home, did the rain of stones and rocks cease.

Psychic researchers have pointed out that the Rabanzos case is similar to many other unexplained mysteries which have baffled investigators for centuries. Some mysterious form of evil—perhaps a devilish poltergeist—is the cause of it all. But why it happens is still a mystery.

The Man with Two Hearts and the Muscles of Superman

Agostino Colli is a soft-spoken, gentle man who weighs a mere 160 pounds and stands five feet, six inches tall. Yet, despite his rather ordinary appearance there are two strange things about him that make him tower head and shoulders above the crowd. First, he has two hearts inside his sturdy chest. And second, he possesses the strength of a superman!

Now 37, the mild-mannered Agostino who was born in Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, population 6,552, is regarded by some as the strongest man in the world. Ever since he threw a two-hundred-pound bully into the air when he was a child, Agostino's phenomenal strength has never been challenged. Amazed professional strong men and weight lifters have been unable to duplicate his incredible feats of strength.

Newsman Nino lo Bello wrote about Agostino, "He can lift a truck without effort. He can pick up large logs with ease. He rips entire telephone books in half with the same ease that an ordinary person uses to tear stamps out of postage-stamp books."

The newsman also wrote, "Agostino astounds everyone he meets, especially medical doctors. They are speechless when they examine him and find, as it has been reported many times before, that he does have two hearts. Moreover, he has six fingers on his overly large hands.

"There is a strong possibility that one of Sr. Colli's hearts does the work while the other maintains a supplemental role acting as a reserve of sorts," said a spokesman for the Italia Medical Association. "Both hearts are possibly working at half speed, but only surgery can determine this for sure. Two distinct heart beats can be heard through the stethoscope."

For years promoters have tried in vain to coax Agostino into the boxing ring or the wrestling arena and sometimes even into the circus ring, but Agostino merely nods and says,

"No. I don't want to get involved in any scheme that might hurt another person."

With such a philosophy, medical authorities have no doubt that the twin-hearted Italian superman will live to a ripe old age far beyond the century mark.

The Day the Mississippi Flowed Backwards

On December 16, 1811, a Mississippi River steamboat made the strangest journey on record—it sailed on waters which were flowing backward!

Captain Nicholas Roosevelt, in the wheelhouse of the *New Orleans* which was making her maiden voyage on the Mississippi, noticed that the waters suddenly became turbulent for no apparent reason. The night was clear and cold. There were no storm clouds in the sky. Gusts of wind were blowing, but not of sufficient strength to affect the current of the mighty Mississippi.

At 2 A.M. Captain Roosevelt and his crew were astounded at the discovery that the flow of the river had suddenly reversed itself. It was all they could do to hold the huge steamboat on course against the raging waters which were causing them to lose headway. Landmarks they had already passed on shore were rapidly coming into view again. Despite their efforts to maintain an even keel, the craft was being tossed about mercilessly. The cargo of cotton and tobacco began to shift. Some of the huge hogsheads broke loose from their hawser bindings and imperiled passengers and crew. Captain Roosevelt gave orders to jettison the hogsheads. Seven men, armed with huge timbers as levers, forced the cargo overboard.

At once the great casks of tobacco were caught up in the boiling tide. Within seconds they were swept out of sight, traveling at an incredible speed.

The battle of the steamboat against the berserk river went on. Then, at 5 A.M. it was over. A strange calm settled over the waters. The Mississippi seemed to stretch and yawn like the Old Man River he is, then lazily resume his meanderings southward to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico.

On that Monday in December, 1811, other strange and terrible events took place. The town of New Madrid, Missouri, which nestled on the banks of the Mississippi, vanished

from the face of the earth. Within a few hours the earth began to sink. When the hour of 5 A.M. struck, the town of New Madrid had sunk twenty-five feet and had been swallowed up by the Mississippi River.

During this same three-hour period when the Mississippi River went berserk, other strange and weird phenomena took place. An area of 40,000 square miles within the Mississippi Valley dropped from two to fifty feet. New mountain ranges rose up where valleys formerly existed. During this interval untold thousands of people were killed. Livestock by the hundreds of herds vanished from sight and were never seen again. A huge 18-mile lake in Tennessee appeared overnight. And the surface of the earth was riddled with great cracks and giant chasms, some a mile wide, into which were gulped entire settlements, farms, and houses.

What happened on that Monday morning in December, 1811, to cause such a dreadful holocaust? An earthquake—perhaps the worst ever to rumble deep within the continent of North America since the Ice Age. It began with a violent rumbling deep inside the earth and finished by swallowing a town, pushing up mountain ranges, forming an 18-mile lake, and reversing the flow of the world's mightiest river. Not until shortly before the War between the States did the scars of the ravaged Mississippi River Valley heal and the people once again return in large numbers to settle the region.

Did He Talk with Flying-Saucer Occupants?

"I really don't know why they picked me," admitted Paul Villa, Jr. "I'm just an ordinary mechanic, but they said there was a purpose behind all of it." Villa is an Albuquerque, New Mexico, man who has claimed to have spotted unidentified flying objects on five separate occasions during recent years. He said he has talked to the UFO occupants on two occasions.

Paul Villa has some startlingly realistic color photographs to back up his space-contact contention. "The pictures are authentic," said Villa. "There are a lot of things that I cannot reveal—so help me God!—because people would just not believe it." Villa told authorities he spent two hours with space people on the afternoon of June 16, 1963, and photographed their saucer-shaped machine with color film in his Japanese camera.

"They're not super-beings," Villa reported. "But they are definitely superior to earth people in both physical and mental qualities."

Villa's first sighting of a space ship occurred on the West Coast when he conversed with the crew members of a small saucer. Later, he saw a larger UFO that measured 900 feet in diameter. Twice after that, space ships hovered over his home at 4187 Edith, NE, in Albuquerque and on their second visit his home burned to the foundation. The home was uninsured and was a total loss. Later, Villa shot himself in the arm accidentally and financial reverses drove the mechanic into bankruptcy.

"It was my efforts to convert part of their knowledge to my own profit that resulted in a lot of this bad luck," Villa stated. "They are very friendly." Despite their cordial attitude, Villa has no doubts as to his fate should he persist in attempts to duplicate the space ships.

Villa reported the space people are deeply interested in volcanic activity building up in our western states. "Their

ships travel along magnetic lines and they've placed particular stress on New Mexico, Utah and parts of Arizona," he said.

The visitors from space were an attractive group, Villa said. They wore tight, one-piece uniforms and were human in appearance. "They said there would be a catastrophic war between Russia and Red China," Villa announced in June, 1964, months before new tensions developed between these two communist countries. "They also said that many Asian nations would be drawn into the war."

"They believe the human race is neither good nor bad," he continued. "They have no plans to save the world from itself. They know there is a super-intelligence in the universe that governs everyone and everything in it."

He Weighed the Human Soul

Dr. Duncan MacDougall, an enterprising young physician with an interest in parapsychology, experimented with weighing the human soul in 1906. Dr. MacDougall, a physician on the staff of a large Boston hospital, observed death frequently in those years before the advent of wonder drugs.

"If there is a human soul and it leaves the body at death, there should be a loss of weight," Dr. MacDougall reasoned. Shortly afterward, he put a bed on a delicate platform weighing scale and moved consenting tubercular patients into the experimental room.

Dr. MacDougall watched six patients die on this bed. At the moment of their expiration the scales revealed a sudden loss of weight ranging from three-eights to one and one-half ounces. Next, MacDougall painlessly gassed several animals. "There was absolutely no loss of weight at their death," he stated. "A human soul substance does exist."

News of the strange experiment was bannered in sensational headlines by the newspapers. When stories of the bizarre research were published, the hospital's board of directors was shocked. "Assuming there is a loss of weight at the moment of death, it does not mean the soul has left the body," one declared. And yet, no other convincing theory has been offered to explain this strange phenomenon.

The Astral Guns Above Barisal

At the mouth of the Ganges River is the port town of Barisal, Pakistan. It is an ancient and strange city around which there are many unexplained mysteries which have terrified and baffled mankind for centuries. One of the most frightening of all unexplained phenomena is the strange rumbling in the sky which sounds exactly like salvos of cannon fire.

The city of Barisal fronts on the Bay of Bengal and is about two hundred miles from Calcutta, India. Between these two cities there are no known fortresses, nor have there ever been any which could possibly have contained enough huge cannons to create such thunderous havoc and rumblings in the skies. Yet, thousands of people have reported having heard the rumblings of the Astral Guns Above Barisal ever since the early 1800's.

Most of the modern-day reports seem to reiterate what a Mr. G. B. Scott reported in a periodical which was published before the turn of the century. [*Nature*, 1896.] This is Mr. Scott's report as quoted directly:

"It was a quiet, clear night in December, 1871, when I first heard the thundering of cannonade in the sky. At first the only sound I heard was the lap of water as the tide flowed past the shore where I was standing. Then at intervals I heard the distinct sound of cannon. It sounded distant and I could not discern from which direction it originated. The booming was irregular. Sometimes a single report; at others, two, three, or more in rapid succession; never near, always distant; but not always equally distant. . . ."

Mr. Scott went on to state that he commented upon the sounds to several residents who in turn informed him that he had heard the "Guns of Barisal" and that they had been heard in that region for centuries.

Recently, several scientific forays were made in the region to see if some logical explanation might be made of the phenomena. The findings were negative. No logical reason for the Astral gun firings could be ascertained, either natural,

man-made, or otherwise. The chances are the sounds are not man-made.

Similar unexplained aerial phenomena have been heard and duly reported by reliable witnesses down through the centuries in widely separated regions of the world. Fishermen along the Belgian coast are quite familiar with the frightening "fog pistols" of the skies. These thunderous reverberations usually occur on a clear night when no clouds are evident in the sky. Research teams from several world-famous universities have tried in vain to explain the cause of the "fog pistols," but to no avail.

In America in 1805 when Meriwether Lewis and William Clark were leading their expedition through the unexplored wilds of the great northwest, they were the first to report loud explosions which sounded like "cannons in the heavens" above the Rocky Mountains. While camped near Great Falls, Montana, Lewis and Clark were startled by enormous astral booms which seemed to be coming from the Rockies, some one hundred miles to the west. The explorers wrote this description of what they had heard:

"It consists of one stroke only, or five or six discharges in rapid succession. It is loud, and resembles precisely the sound of a six-pound piece of ordnance at the distance of three miles." Magnify that description by one hundred miles and what does one get?

Similar rumblings and cannonade in the skies were reported by others in the wilderness of early America. As far back as 1809 and 1810 a group of fur trappers led by the adventurous J. J. Astor reported hearing "heavenly sounds that resemble the discharge of large guns."

Who knows, but perhaps one day man will turn up the answers. Until then the rumblings of astral guns will still bombard him.

Bizarre Giant Chase

It was 1780 and sophisticated Londoners with an interest in the strange and unusual crowded into a sideshow near Piccadilly Square and stared with wonder at a hulking, seven-foot, eight-and-three-quarter inch Irish lad named Charles Byrne. The giant's impressive height attracted thousands of persons and among them was Dr. John Hunter, a reputable physician and one of England's expert anatomists.

Dr. Hunter returned to the show repeatedly and stared with morbid fascination at Byrne. "I must have his body for professional study," the determined physician vowed.

Between shows, Charles Byrne had lain down on an oversize couch in his dressing room when his rest was interrupted by a persistent pounding on the door. Dr. Hunter introduced himself. "When you die I would like to have your body for medical study," the physician explained, reaching for his wallet. "I will pay you several hundred pounds this afternoon if you will sign this agreement."

Charles Byrne shivered with horror. "I'll not be any man's trophy," he declared. He shoved the doctor out of the theater.

Dr. Hunter was a persistent man and he started the most morbid human hunt in history. The physician or his hirelings pursued the giant wherever he went. Byrne was stalked when he left the sideshow and walked to his lodgings. When the giant left his hotel and walked to a corner tavern, the physician's plug-uglies were running to keep up with his giant strides. They watched the giant and waited.

Byrne switched hotels, changed his habits—and discovered the doctor's henchmen were still with him. The giant was followed by these tenacious trackers for three years until, neurotic and drinking heavily, Byrne died.

"Please bury me where that evil doctor cannot dig up my body," were Charles Byrne's final words.

His friends nodded and decided to ship the giant's casket down to the sea and have it dropped to the bottom of the

Thames estuary. "The water is 20 fathoms deep there," announced one man. "The doctor will never get him."

As the giant's friends scoured the waterfront for a charter boat, Dr. Hunter moved in. He stopped at the funeral home where Charles Byrne was laid out for viewing in a custom-made coffin. "Beautiful. Just beautiful," Hunter declared.

The physician held a private conference with the undertaker. "I'll pay you several hundred pounds for the giant's body," he whispered, flashing a thick roll of pound notes.

The wide-eyed undertaker licked his lips. "I wanna do it, gov'nor. His friends have already warned me about you. They'll be checking the coffin. They're going to watch when it's nailed up."

"I'll have my men waiting with a wagon. After they see the body for the last time can you keep them occupied for a minute?"

"I'll try, gov'nor." The undertaker eyed the money.

"We'll have rocks weighing as much as the giant. You give us two minutes and this money is yours."

The bribed undertaker performed like an experienced actor. While the giant's friends had a drink of gin with the undertaker in his offices, Hunter's corpse snatchers lugged the giant body to a waiting wagon. They filled the coffin with rocks. The undertaker took a long vacation and bought a summer cottage with his 500 pounds of bribe money.

While the giant's friends mournfully dropped the rock-filled coffin into the sea, Hunter was busy in his laboratory. He dissected the body of Charles Byrne and then reassembled the skeleton. Doctors from all over England and Europe gathered in London on the date that the skeleton was to be unveiled.

Hunter was congratulated by every physician who viewed his grisly trophy. "An incredible job of reassembly," murmured a French anatomist. "Hunter, it's a masterpiece!"

The skeleton is still on display today in the halls of the Royal College of Surgeons museum. It is the tallest human skeleton in the world.

Strange Folk Medicine

The turbaned, robed man led his camel through the narrow passageways of the ancient Egyptian city and into the bustling, crowded marketplace. Traders from every part of Africa gathered here to sell or barter their merchandise with animated gestures and sly practices.

The man tied the camel to a post near the center of the bazaar, moving listlessly like those who have traveled far through the burning desert. Wearily, he shook the gray sand from his garments and smiled wanly at a thin, pale boy with a blotched, reddened face who slumped over the camel's saddle. "We are sure to find the answer here," the father said, gently patting his son on the shoulder. "There are many people. One will surely know."

The man walked deliberately to the center of the marketplace and laid a dirty blanket on the sun-bleached bricks. He carried the child to the spot and laid him on the blanket.

"O listen, traders and wise men!" the father implored. "My son is cursed with scarlet spots and a bad fever. Who knows of a cure? Who can help us in our hour of desperate need? Who will help my son?"

All of the people within reach of the wailing voice suspended their business, or their empty conversations, and crowded around the father. The jostling group moved forward and gazed at the sick boy. His lusterless eyes, pale face, scarlet patches, and trembling body emphasized the feverish burning within his body.

"How long has he had the fever?" asked a bearded trader, in a friendly manner.

"It has been almost a year," replied the father.

"It is truly a bad fever," said the trader, placing a hand on the father's shoulder. "In the lands to the south, there are medicine men who cure such things with great ease. They place the unfortunate ones in a tub of hot water and feed them red wine. This must be done in the light of a new moon. Do that and the boy will again be playing with his companions."

Others, men, women and children, crowded around the

father and son and told of their cures. "My mother said a bad fever can be cured by grinding up the skin of a snake captured at the point where two roads meet," an elderly woman croaked. "Make a paste of the snake powder and rub it over the child. Leave one open spot where the fever can leave his body."

A squat, dark man with a thick neck stepped forward, gesturing with soiled hands. "Wine, wine, wine," he repeated. "Strong wine is the cure for any fever."

Hours later, as the setting sun cast a yellowish glow over the city walls, the father placed his ailing son on the camel and wearily returned to the desert. The long hours in the bazaar had brought the best medical advice available in those ancient times.

The history of medicine is crammed with strange cures and unusual remedies. These strange folk beliefs include:

—Colonial Americans thought that hanging a patient by the ankles from a tree was a sure cure for persistent hiccups.

—An old prescription for acne and pimples was to wipe the face regularly with a sweat-soaked garment.

—A paste made from holly leaves was used in ancient times to treat broken bones, gangrene and toothache.

—An old remedy for smallpox was to rub the patient's face with uncooked strips of bacon fat. In remote parts of Asia, smallpox victims dance in the streets as a traditional cure for the disease.

—Medieval women who were afflicted with poor eyesight had their ears pierced. This was supposed to improve their vision.

—In the sixteenth century, physicians treated colds by plucking several hairs from the patient's head and inserting them between two slices of bread. The bread was then fed to a dog. During the frontier days in Texas, a cold cure was thought to be achieved by tying a red ant on a string which was worn around the neck.

—Southern mountaineers believed rheumatism and arthritis could be fought off if they slept next to a hound dog.

—Medicine men of Indian tribes of southern California whipped measles patients with nettles as a cure.

—A dinner of skunk meat was considered a cure for consumption in the southwest during the early 1800s.

—An eighteenth-century remedy for hay-fever relief was to bathe in ice cold baths.

—An ancient Chinese treatment to speed the healing of flesh wounds and skin abrasions was to cover the area with ashes from a burnt elephant hide.

—Medieval surgeons used wine as an antiseptic cleanser for wounds and sores.

—In pre-Civil War southern states, an asthmatic child blew his breath on an oak tree and the spot was slashed with a knife. When the child grew higher than the knife nick he was thought to be cured of the ailment.

—In old England, a treatment for gout was to place a bleeding pigeon, or dove, over the afflicted foot.

—An old method of removing a boil was to fill a bottle with hot water and hold the opening against the boil. The suction within the bottle popped the boil within seconds. The pain was considerable, sufferers reported.

—Physicians used to sprinkle wood ashes over a wound to stop bleeding.

—Placing a piece of brown paper in the roof of the mouth was the remedy for persistent nosebleed.

—Men in Elizabethan England who were losing their hair believed baldness could be stopped by placing the fallen hair in a vase.

—In Colonial America one method of removing warts was to wash the wart in a shiny basin under the light of a new moon. Another old remedy for wart removal that persists in the South today is for an afflicted child to steal a dirty dish cloth from his grandmother's kitchen. Warts are rubbed with the cloth, which is buried under a rock. The warts are supposed to disappear within a week. Many southerners are convinced, from their own experiences, that this remedy works.

—Lumbago sufferers were once massaged with cabbage oil.

—Snake skin is rubbed against the eyes to prevent persistent watering in North Africa today.

—Spice bags, worn around the neck, were considered to be a protection against the bubonic plague and other diseases in medieval times.

These folk remedies are still used in many parts of the world today by people who are convinced of their powers. As King William III remarked: "May God give you better health and more sense."

The Curse on Lincoln's Son

When the embittered actor, John Wilkes Booth, assassinated President Lincoln on April 14, 1865, mourning friends carried President Lincoln to a home across the street. The wounded president was laid in a bed in a tiny room and he died at 7:22 the following morning.

Among the group assembled in the room when Lincoln died was Robert Todd Lincoln, the president's son. The tragic event triggered an unusual curse which plagued the son of the Great Emancipator until his own death years later.

It was sixteen years later, on July 2, 1881, when President James A. Garfield walked into a railroad station in Washington, D.C. He planned to make a tour of the New England states. Suddenly, Charles Jules Guiteau leaped from the crowd of well-wishers and aimed a revolver at President Garfield. The gun barked twice. The president fell, mortally wounded.

Robert Todd Lincoln, a member of Garfield's group, witnessed the slaying.

Twenty years later, on September 6, 1901, President William McKinley was touring the celebrated Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N.Y. Two pistol shots rang out and the anarchist, Czolgosz, killed the president.

Again, Robert Todd Lincoln was one of the witnesses to the assassination.

This "curse" on Lincoln's son is one of the most remarkable events in American history. Since the beginning of the Republic, only four presidents have been assassinated and Robert Todd Lincoln witnessed three of the deaths.

After the death of President McKinley, Robert Lincoln considered himself as a "death omen" to any president. Although he was frequently invited to the White House or to presidential receptions, he never again accepted another invitation. Until his own death in 1926, Robert Lincoln never saw another president.

There was another strange event in Robert Lincoln's life which led him to a foreboding sense of fatalism about life. "During the Civil War when I was a student at Harvard,

I was waiting for a berth on a train at Jersey City when I leaned against a car," he related. "The car suddenly started and I was thrown off balance and was about to fall under the moving train wheels. Just then, a strange man jerked me away from certain death.

"I discovered soon afterwards that my rescuer was Edwin Booth, the brother of the man who killed my father," said Robert Lincoln.

With these unusual events, and the presence of his father's mysticism in his blood, is it any wonder that Robert Lincoln considered himself to be cursed?

Strange Sacrifice for a Dead Zulu Queen

Chaka, a Zulu king, was overwhelmed with grief in 1828 when his mother, dowager Queen Unmandi, died after a lengthy illness. The aged woman was the only person Chaka had ever loved or trusted and he ordered that the queen's body lie in state for a three-day funeral.

Over 60,000 Zulus crowded into Chaka's palace to mourn the dead queen. Among the crowd were Chaka's two stepbrothers and a white hunter, Henry Flynn.

When the rites started, King Chaka mournfully sang an opening dirge. The Zulus screamed the chorus. The crowd pounded themselves and ripped off their clothes in anguish. "The ritual suddenly turned into a frenzied horror," Henry Flynn stated. "The dirge was chanted through the night and, in the morning, there were hundreds of dead bodies in the streets." The agitated mourners had been crushed in the tumult or had dropped from exhaustion.

Next, King Chaka said the gods demanded sacrifice. Fifty mourners were selected at random and executed. Chaka seemed pleased. "Kill everyone," the demented king screamed. His spearmen bore into the crowd and massacred more than 7,000 people before the sacrifice was ended.

The queen was buried the third day. "Bury ten of our most beautiful virgins with her," ordered Chaka. The Zulu king was inflamed beyond reason. He demanded that all cattle in the Zulu kingdom be slaughtered and the meat left to rot. He announced the terms of a year of mourning for the dead queen.

No crops could be planted. All dairy products were to be destroyed. No babies were to be born during the mourning period. Pregnant women would be executed. Their husbands, or lovers, would be buried alive. There would be several long fasts during the mourning. Any man, woman or child who broke a mourning rule would be burned alive.

Dingaan and Mhlegana, the king's two stepbrothers,

frowned with anguish. Chaka's harsh terms spelled disaster for their people. Later in the funeral, they approached the bloodthirsty king's throne.

"Wise King Chaka, the people are anguished and mourn the death of our queen," they said. "They feel there must be more atonement for your dead mother."

"They're willing to undergo even more?" King Chaka inquired, surprised.

"They ask your permission to make the greatest sacrifice of all."

King Chaka smiled. "Permission is granted."

The astonished king glimpsed the parting robes of his stepbrother's servants and the glint of curved Zulu knives in the African sun. The king was stabbed until his feeble moans turned to silence.

Dingaan was appointed ruler by the Zulus, who plotted the sacrifice of their king for the memory of a dead queen.

The Convict's Dream That Saved a King's Life

The pudgy, middle-aged convict tossed fitfully on a hard bed in his cell in an Italian prison. Alessandro Saraceni twisted under the rough blanket. "Watch out! He has a gun! Beware!"

The loud, shrill screams brought a sleepy-eyed guard to the cell. "Are you all right, Dottore?" he asked, anxiously.

Alessandro Saraceni rubbed his eyes with trembling hands. "It was a nightmare. King Victor Emmanuel was threatened by an assassin's gun. It was so real—as if it was going to happen today."

The guard listened, intently. "My wife has dreams that occasionally come true. Are you certain?"

"Perhaps you should mention it to the warden," Saraceni said, twisting his hands nervously on the iron bars. "They will need extra protection for the king if my dream is correct!"

The guard nodded. He slipped a thin, black cigar through the bars. "Perhaps this will help you sleep."

Saraceni lit the cigar and watched the flame die on the tip of the match. It was forty-six years now. He had been sentenced to life imprisonment in 1880 for a murder he did not commit. Each day he prayed desperately for his freedom. His hands rested on his expansive stomach. "Even the lean belly of youth has turned to fat because of starchy prison food," he thought, without bitterness.

The guard reported the strange dream to the warden.

"He isn't one to lie." The warden picked up the telephone. "I'll call the chief of police. He can do as he wishes."

The police chief did not reproach the prison warden for conveying the information. "I will assign extra policemen when the king leaves the palace," he assured. "One never knows about such things. I had a man on the force who dreamed of a burglary and it occurred as he dreamed it. I know there are extraordinary things in this world."

When King Emmanuel left the palace on that day, he was accompanied by a doubled guard of alert policemen. During the monarch's outing, an assassin stepped from a crowd and aimed a revolver at the king. The extra policemen grabbed the would-be killer as he tried to fire upon the king.

As a result of his prophetic dream, Alessandro Saraceni received an unconditional pardon from the king and became a grateful, happy, free man. His uncanny premonition had transcended time and space to vividly focus on an event in the future.

Strange Shower of Sculptured Hailstones

The afternoon of May 26, 1907, had been quiet and uneventful as the villagers of Remiremont, France, went about their routine duties with no thoughts of the supernatural. They were totally unprepared for the shower of strange hailstones that seemed to float to earth from a clear, cloudless sky.

The 107 persons who witnessed the phenomenon included many clergymen, town officials and reputable citizens. They declared the hailstones, approximately the size of baseballs and weighing from six ounces to one-half pound, descended in a floating movement and landed gently on the cobblestone streets.

Baffled villagers examined the mysterious hailstones and discovered the picture of a woman *inside* each stone. It was as if some celestial artist had sculpted the unusual portrait with supernatural tools.

Abbe Gueniot of Remiremont examined the stones immediately after their fall. "I saw . . . on the front of the stones the bust of a woman . . . with a robe turned up at the bottom," he stated. "My mind was disturbed by the singular formation of these hailstones. I examined several; they weighed between six and eight ounces and each was perfectly round." The image of the woman appeared within each stone.

The villagers who witnessed the strange phenomenon testified before the Bishop of St. Die. Several stones were preserved and forwarded to M. de Lapparent, a noted scientist and secretary of the French Academy. "After examining these stones it is my belief that lightning somehow cut the image into the center of them," he stated.

Witnesses thought the scentist's statement was "stretching things just a few kilometers," as one expressed it. Unable to fit the strange stones into their current dogma, scientists conveniently forgot the Remiremont incident and it became another incident in the world of the unknown.

Enigma of the Ghost Blimp

The riddle of the navy blimp, L-8, started on the foggy morning of August 16, 1942, at Treasure Island Naval Base in San Francisco Bay. Precisely at 6:00 A.M., Lieutenant Ernest Cody and Ensign Charles Adams left the base on a submarine-spotting flight along the Pacific coast.

Both men were experienced in operating a blimp; their submarine patrol was a routine duty. No enemy submarines had ever been reported along the coast.

Two hours after their departure, the Naval Air Station at Alameda, California, received a radio message from the L-8. "Investigating a suspicious oil slick on the water," the message crackled. "Please stand by."

"What's your position?" asked the Alameda radio operator.

"We're about five miles due east of the Farallon Islands."

The message was logged in at 7:50 A.M. After the L-8 failed to respond to several radio messages from Alameda, two search planes roared off to investigate the mysterious silence. They were unable to make visual or radio contact with the blimp.

Later that morning, near noon, the L-8 drifted down into the streets of Daly City. A Naval salvage group discovered the airship was virtually undamaged. Classified documents were in order. The ignition switch was on, although the motors were lifeless.

The only missing items were two rubber life jackets and the two pilots. The two men were listed as dead on August 17, 1942, although the Navy continued to investigate the mysterious disappearance for several months. The possibility of a Japanese submarine capturing the pilots was dismissed. If the two men fell from the blimp due to some unforeseen accident, why didn't they stay afloat with the life jackets? If drowned, why were their bodies never recovered?

The questions are as puzzling today as when the L-8 crewmen disappeared at the height of World War II.

The Ghost Army of Crete

An army of ghost marchers has frequently appeared on the island of Crete during the final week of May and the first few days of June. Hundreds of people have watched the eerie army rise out of the sea and march inland toward an ancient castle and then return.

"You can see the ghosts at sunrise or a few minutes after sunset," declared an Athens newspaper. The Greek press has reported on the unusual phenomenon for more than a century. Peasants, archeologists and trained observers have witnessed the appearance of the "shadow men," as the apparitions are called by Cretans.

The possibility of a mirage has been discounted. Sir Ernest Bennett, a graduate of England's Oxford University, was convinced the marchers were an ancient army made visible through psychic phenomena. A glowing circle of light surrounds the ghosts and illuminates their strange march across the countryside.

"We were camping on the beach one night when we were struck speechless by an army of shadowy phantoms marching toward us," a witness reported, recently. "Although they were in armor and carried spears and shields, there was no sound. There was a long column of tall men and then, as we looked, they vanished!" This sighting was made shortly after sunset.

England's Strange Flower Medium

Hilda Lewis, a young London secretary with a gift for mediumship, revealed an eerie talent a few years ago for materializing flowers during her trances. "It is not unusual for me to awaken in the morning with flowers covering my bedroom," she reported.

Psychic researchers failed to disprove her unusual ability and none detected any evidence of fraud. London's *Psychic News* reported, "The production of flowers is most extraordinary." During one trance, Hilda Lewis manifested a dozen thornless roses and a bouquet of violets. The flowers appeared from the left side of her body and witnesses smelled their scent shortly before the manifestation. The Englishwoman also produced fruits, apples, pears, peaches and grapes with no apparent effort. Some believed the flowers and fruit contained supernatural powers to heal.

A newspaper reported Professor Julian Huxley once observed a manifestation and remarked, "It appears that science must again start from the beginning." The noted biologist later denied the statement.

Although many mediums require total darkness for their trances, Hilda Lewis conducted her seances in normal light. Often she worked in a bathing suit, to the chagrin of investigators suspecting fraud.

A considerable controversy swirled around Hilda Lewis with clergymen, scientists and psychic researchers embroiled in the argument. Perhaps tiring of the publicity, she slipped into obscurity and left another mystery to be explained.

The Mysterious Thunder That Almost Sank a Fishing Boat

Ask any of the six crew members of the Japanese fishing trawler, the *Tiki Maru*, if they have any reason to be afraid of thunder and they'll tell you that they *do* have reason to fear thunder. That reason is one they'll never forget, for on the morning of April 6, 1965, as they were preparing to cast their fishing nets into the open sea off the Marshall Islands in the western Pacific Ocean, a violent explosion that was loud enough to reverberate in their ears and cause them to be deaf for hours afterward, caused their sixty-five-foot boat to rock crazily in the calm waters, almost capsizing it.

At the moment the gigantic thunderclap was heard and the shock wave felt, not a cloud was in the sky. In fact, the horizon for miles all around was devoid of any life whatsoever. No planes and no ships were anywhere in the vicinity.

Because the captain and one of his crewmen had served in the Imperial Japanese Navy during World War II, they were naturally curious about the cause of the mysterious explosion that was of that magnitude. Could such an explosion be the aftermath of a test of some new awesome weapon? If so, then why hadn't there been an accompanying, blinding flash in the sky? The radioman sat down at his wireless key and began to broadcast queries in International Morse code.

A few minutes later a U. S. Navy Destroyer Escort radioed a reply. She was at a position less than two hundred miles distant. No other craft was in the vicinity. No tests were being made. No strange aerial phenomenon had been seen or heard. Would the *Tiki Maru* please repeat its dispatch and describe in detail what the mysterious thunder had been like and if possible from which direction it had been heard approaching?

The skipper of the *Tiki Maru* threw up his hands in disgust. How was it possible to describe a sound wave that had been more terrible than the loudest thunder ever heard by man? And how would it be possible to say from where exactly the source of the thunder had been—except somewhere—up there?

Message from a Dead Father

A Duke University parapsychology seminar in 1959 heard a report about a four-year-old boy who apparently received a message from his dead father. The message from beyond the grave led to the discovery of valuable papers which the dead man's family did not know existed.

Dr. Louisa E. Rhine concluded that evidence for "survival of the human personality after death" was very strong. She informed the symposium the boy scribbled an old form of shorthand during a kindergarten class. The child's teacher translated the scribbles as a message from the boy's father who had died two weeks prior to the incident. There were precise directions to the safe-deposit box.

"The case was one of four that could have been caused only by the spirit agents," Mrs. Rhine stated firmly.

Mrs. Rhine has investigated thousands of such cases, which she qualified into different categories. These include a section for "those incidents unquestionably from the spirit agents." Another category included "possible or probable" evidence of the spirit hypothesis.

"Research has revealed that something of the personality functions over and above the conscious portion of the brain," Dr. Rhine stated. "Exhaustive research has led only to a foundation.

"This unknown ingredient is thought of by many as the soul in terms of survival after death," she said.

The Love That Conquered Death

Dr. John S. Thomas was a man more than just a little curious about what happens after death. He had spent many years seeking the answers to the questions that plagued him, one of which was, "Does the human spirit survive death?"

Dr. Thomas learned the answer. He contacted his wife through a medium shortly after her untimely death and proved—that *love* is the power that does indeed conquer the shadowy walls of death.

During a period of seven years, Dr. Thomas had obtained more than 2,000 messages from his beloved deceased wife through twenty-two different mediums and sensitives.

Many of the statements of fact obtained during these numerous seances conclusively proved that Dr. Thomas was actually in touch with the astral world, for the things brought out at each seance were references to the personal lives of Dr. Thomas and his wife—events and facts that were known to witnesses in attendance who were long-standing friends of the eminent doctor.

Numerous messages mentioned ball games and social affairs the doctor and his wife had attended, as well as personal aspects of their married life and the names of friends and relatives. The spirit, speaking through the various mediums, related events of which even the doctor himself was unaware. Subsequent checking with the parties mentioned proved conclusively that many of the statements were true. That a small percentage could not be verified was quite possibly due to the short memory of the people involved.

Realizing that his own personal attitude might bias or influence his studies in the realm of the supranatural, Dr. Thomas hired a stenographer to attend each sitting with the mediums and to transcribe the statements. After 1,720 messages had been correlated and checked, Dr. Thomas stated that an incredible figure of ninety-two-percent accuracy had

been achieved by the entity who spoke to him through the various mediums.

If this conclusive proof verifies the fact that there *is* a hereafter, that cannot be determined. But what is known is that Dr. Thomas's love for his wife conquered death.

Strange Vision of the Silver Sword

He had been in town for a church meeting on March 10, 1643, and was walking briskly toward his home on the edge of the village when, without warning, a blinding flash of light spread through the skies over Hartingfortberry, England. The town was bathed in intense daylight and George Newberry rubbed his eyes with shocked disbelief.

"What's happened?" A neighbor dashed from his home, hurriedly buttoning his trousers.

Newberry pointed to the sky. A bright beam of light illuminated an animated cloud that was changing shape. Newberry's heart pounded furiously as the strange cloud transformed itself into a perfect sword!

Newberry trembled. "D-do you remember the parson's s-s-sermon last S-sunday?"

"Aye. He talked about the end of the world," replied the neighbor. "Do you suppose . . ." His voice drifted into quiet silence.

Both men dropped to the earth and prayed fervently to be forgiven for their past sins. "Have mercy!" Newberry pleaded.

By then, other residents of the community were in the street and viewing the strange spectacle. Throughout England, people leaped from their beds and stared in awe at the silver cloud-sword in the heavens. Church bells pealed through the bright night and parishioners gathered in the churches to sing hymns of welcome to God.

Others panicked and dashed madly through the streets. Some ran until they dropped from exhaustion. Others were unable to comprehend the spectacle and committed suicide. Angry, feuding neighbors shook hands quickly and settled their differences. Time might be very short. No one knew what might occur in the next moment.

After hanging silently in the sky for two hours, the sword-cloud disappeared without warning. The intense light went

out. The British Isles breathed more easily as the sky darkened and the moon returned to the velvet darkness.

The unusual phenomenon was never logically explained. It did not occur again. There were thousands of illogical theories to explain the weird sword in the sky, but no concrete explanation was offered.

The Mysterious Ten-Day Curse

In July, 1962, the German freighter *Carl Fritzen* sailed north along the California coast when it became the subject of an incredible ten-day curse. "It was as if the jinx of the sea was upon her," swore one nervous sailor.

When the ship had cleared the port of San Pedro, California, the captain committed suicide by hanging himself. The shock of finding the dangling body shocked the steward into a heart attack. The chief engineer died shortly afterward.

The chief mate was overwhelmed by these events and requested relief from his duties. Crewmen huddled in small groups and whispered ominously about "death ships." The boatswain was struck by a heart attack.

The mystified ship-owners flew a new captain and chief engineer from Germany. Scoffing at curses and jinxes, the newcomers sailed toward Portland, Oregon, to pick up an 11,000-ton load of grain.

Near Astoria, Oregon, at the mouth of the Columbia river, the second officer had to be relieved of his duties. The freighter finally steamed into Portland, Oregon, but was unable to find the designated dock.

Finally, port officials cleared up the puzzling situation. "You should be in Seattle, Washington, not Portland, Oregon," they told the astonished captain. "We've telephoned Seattle. Your cargo of grain is waiting there."

Fortunately, after this episode, the curse ended and the *Carl Fritzen* became just another cargo-carrying vessel. In sea taverns around the world, sailors still talk in superstitious whispers about the ship's unusual run of ill luck.

The Living Skeleton

The crowd of Londoners pressed forward through the folds of the tent as the carnival barker whined through his spiel:

"Step right up, gov'nors and ladies! See the world's only living skeleton, a seventeen-year-old boy who weighs only twelve pounds. That's right, folks. Hopkin Hopkins is the original beanpole and it costs only a shilling to see this incredible skeleton walk, talk and perform like any other living man."

The gawking customers were not disappointed. The Welsh youth was standing on a small platform; he was of normal height but the distance between his chest and spine was a scant three inches.

As she gazed at the bony youth, one woman whispered: "Lor', you can see his heart pound against his chest!"

Hopkin Hopkins, the Welsh skeleton, was one of the world's few persons in medical history with abnormal leanness. He lived to middle age and finally died of natural causes in Glamorganshire, Wales, in March, 1754.

The Disappearing Sailors

On November 7, 1872, the *Mary Celeste* sailed from New York harbor with Captain Benjamin Briggs, his wife, their infant daughter, and seven crewmen aboard. Lashed inside the cargo hold were 1,701 barrels of alcohol destined for Genoa, Italy.

Twenty-seven days later, on December 4, the *Mary Celeste* was sighted 750 miles off the Azores by Captain David Morehouse. Morehouse halted his British brigantine, the *Dei Gratia*, when the *Mary Celeste* failed to respond to his signals.

Captain Morehouse and his crew boarded the *Mary Celeste* and found the ship was in perfect condition. "There was no sign of a mutiny, storm damage, force or an explosion," Morehouse told authorities. "The personal property of the captain and crew members was as they had left it."

Strangely, there was a half-eaten meal on the ship's table. The ship's log contained entries until November 24 but there was no mention of any possible trouble. Missing from the *Mary Celeste* was the ship's single boat, a chronometer, legal documents and bills of lading.

The *Dei Gratia* towed the *Mary Celeste* to Gibraltar and authorities combed the vessel in hopes of a clue to the enigma. The investigation produced no explanation as to why ten people left a stocked, seaworthy vessel and simply vanished.

Strange Luck of the Money Clip

Jerry Cooper, Walnut Creek, California, was given a money clip shaped like a race-track pari-mutuel ticket in 1956. The date on the ticket was July 7, 1967. For a dozen years, Cooper saved his change and on Friday, July 7, 1967, he bet $100 on the seventh horse in the seventh race on the seventh day of the seventh month in 1967.

The horse, "No Passes," won the race at the Alameda County Fairgrounds and Cooper pocketed $570 for his belief in superstitions.

The Monster in Lake Washington

Harry B. Joseph, a retired Army officer, his wife, and their six-year-old son and the family's cocker spaniel were boating on Seattle's Lake Washington at 4:30 P.M. on the afternoon of April 6, 1964.

Their boat was speeding smoothly around the north edge of Mercer Island when Colonel Joseph spotted an ominous black shape in the lake water. The dark object was about 300 feet off their port side. "At first, I assumed it was a black, shiny log about 30 feet in length," Colonel Joseph declared.

As he maneuvered his boat closer to the object, the Colonel quickly changed his mind. "I've observed every type of fish and marine animal during my years in the army," he stated. "This included the manta ray, giant eels, sharks, whales and porpoises. But, I've never seen anything like this thing. Suzie, our cocker spaniel, began to bark hysterically as we approached it."

The Colonel maneuvered his boat past the creature. The monster vanished when he turned for another run past. "Later, we saw an end of it sticking up out of the water and it disappeared when I headed toward it," he said.

There are many reports which indicate fresh-water lakes may be inhabited by something that resembles a weird, primeval monster. A group of fishermen were quietly crossing a lake in British Columbia, Canada, when a 40-foot, snake-headed serpent rose from the lake waters. "We had a good view of the beast. It was round, ugly and frightening," an excited observer shuddered. He reported the incident to authorities.

Most of the reports on North American lake monsters are fairly accurate descriptions of the Plesiosaurus, a long-necked, snake-headed prehistoric water reptile. The monster supposedly disappeared during the age of reptiles but might have survived in the depths of lakes and oceans.

Dr. Anton Brunn once captured an eel larva that was six feet long and had 450 vertebrae. "If this grew to full growth

on the same basis as other eels, it would be 180 feet long and would weigh several hundred tons," explained an awed oceanographer.

As mankind moves deeper into the depths of the world's oceans and lakes, we may find some surprising animals of an unusual, even frightening, nature.

Kashmir's Ghost Sergeant

When darkness blankets Khamba Fort on the mountainous borders of Kashmir, wary Indian soldiers in the isolated outpost look for a prowling ghost. It is one of the few places where a man dare not nap during a tour of sentry duty. Soldiers in the garrison are convinced they are constantly scrutinized by the dreaded "Ghost of the Gurkha Havildar."

Sentries swear the militant spectre wanders through the night in search of a cat-napping sentry. "If the ghost finds a soldier sleeping at his post, he cuffs the slovenly one about the ears and reprimands him in the most colorful phrases of barracks language," explained an officer.

Although their educated minds are supposedly above the superstitious beliefs in spectral sergeants, officers at Khamba Fort have allowed the legend to develop. "It keeps the men alert," said one officer.

The ghost is supposedly the spirit of a Gurkha sergeant who led a courageous charge against the fort during the 1948 war between India and Pakistan for the Kashmir territory. The sergeant, named Havildar, discovered a sleeping sentry at one side of the fort and slipped inside the walls. Armed with grenades and a knife, the sergeant launched a one-man commando raid against the surprised soldiers in the fort. He slaughtered the enemy soldiers within the fort and claimed the fort for his country. Shortly after the battle, Sergeant Havildar died from wounds received in his incredible assault.

Lance Corporal Ram Prakash encountered the ghostly martinet in June, 1965, when he heard a stern voice reprimanding a dozing sentry. The sound of a face being slapped rang through the darkness. Corporal Prakash discovered a nearby sentry bore the reddened imprint of a hand on his face.

The army apparition is supposed to roam the fort throughout the night. Soldiers put cups of tea and sweets outside their doors for the restless spirit. "He is on our side so we're not afraid of him," reported Naik Karem Singh. "The ghost is a very good soldier and he keeps us alert."

Hunza: Asia's Earthly Paradise

Hunza, technically a part of Pakistan, is considered the "Happy Land of Just Enough" by travellers who have visited the tiny Asian valley. Surrounded by China and Afghanistan, and only a few miles from Russia, Hunza has remained cloistered from the turmoil of modern life.

Twenty-five thousand happy people live in a valley which is less than 100 miles long and frequently no more than a mile wide. The country is an idyllic Shangri-La with no jails, no policemen, no armies, little illness and no poverty.

"These people have achieved engineering without mathematics, morality without moralizing, agriculture without chemistry and health without medicine," reported a doctor who visited Hunza. "They have mastered the art of life."

Legends in the valley report it was settled by three of Alexander the Great's officers, who became enchanted with the splendid scenery and remained with their Persian wives.

"The Hunzukuts enjoy a society where there is no need for money," a traveller reported. "There are no licenses or taxes. Banks, loan companies, and interest are unknown."

Medically, the Hunzukuts live long lives free from ulcers, dyspepsia, cancer and nervous tension. Local business is conducted by the ancient system of bartering and, when a man finally dies, his neighbors would be awed by an estate of $50.

An absence of divorce is another plus for Hunza society. Parents select mates for their children, although the choice can now be refused. A mass wedding ceremony is performed by the country's monarch each December and the happy newly-weds leave on their honeymoon accompanied by the groom's mother.

"The groom's mother acts as an instructor and guide for the new couple," a Hunzukut explained. "Marriage is very important and cannot be left to chance."

Baltit, the capital city, is the home of the Mir, a monarch who rules with a benevolent touch. Education is free to all

who desire it and the British-educated ruler hopes his land will never change.

"We have enough of everything but not enough to create greed," the Mir stated.

Puzzling Psychic Photographs

Strange pictures of unknown people have manifested themselves on wood, stone and glass throughout the years and there are no rational explanations for this unusual phenomenon.

Home-owners in Cincinnati, Ohio, were astonished to discover pictures of unknown people etched on the windows of their houses. The phenomena started on January 18, 1871, and continued for several weeks, according to the *New York Times.* Similar pictures appeared on windows of Sandusky, Ohio, homes at the same time. The pictures also faded and gradually disappeared.

On March 12, 1872, several residents of Baden-Baden, Germany, found pictures of human heads had developed overnight on the windows of their homes. Puzzled officials found each of the eerie pictures was of a different person. "No one can recognize any of the pictures as persons they know," the authorities stated. Acid and strong solutions were used to remove the psychic photographs but the images remained until they faded away.

The *London Sunday Express* reported on August 12, 1923, that the image of a dead man appeared on the walls of Christ Church, Oxford. It was the face of Dean Liddell, a well known Oxford clergyman, who had died in 1898. This image also faded after some time.

Hundreds of persons visited St. Ann's Catholic Church in Keansburg, New Jersey, after the image of a woman manifested on a church door. "It is unquestionably the outline of a human figure," the Rev. Thomas A. Kearney informed newsmen. "She is white-robed and the figure emits light."

Are these, and hundreds of other similar images, possibly some sort of photograph from another dimension?

Strange Falling Food from the Skies

Throughout history there have been numerous reports of mysterious things falling to earth from the skies. Some of the strangest of these falling objects are edible foods. Everyone is familiar with the Biblical story of manna dropping from the heavens to feed the starving Hebrews in the desert wilderness.

Less publicized, however, was a shower of manna that fell on the Sinai Peninsula in July, 1929. The Hebrew University in Jerusalem sent several scientific research teams into the desert. The astounded scholars discovered the sweet, honey-like matter literally blanketed large areas of the desert.

"It covered large shrubs and trees," Graham Johnson, a British army officer said, after visiting the desert sites. Several scientists suggested it was nothing more than secretions from insects. They neglected to explain what insect or how such large amounts of the substance were deposited in the desert.

Another food fall was recorded in 1829 in Persia when the countryside was smothered with lumps of grainy globs one summery afternoon. When livestock began to eat the matter, enterprising peasants discovered it could be ground into an excellent baking flour.

A lumpish, yellow substance fell near Baghdad, Turkey, after a heavy rain in May, 1890. This matter was also ground into flour.

In August, 1913, white corn-like grain fell from a clear sky to smother the town of Kermanshah, Persia. This shower of sky seeds was particularly heavy and townsmen had to shovel paths through knee-deep piles of them. The Royal Biological Society investigated this puzzling phenomenon and suggested the seeds had been picked up by a whirlwind at some unknown corner of the earth and dropped on the

Persian community. Again, the peasants made flour from the seeds.

Curtis Fuller, publisher of *Fate* magazine, writes a monthly column called "I See By The Papers." The column contains reports of strange and curious incidents from all parts of the world. In the July, 1966, issue Mr. Fuller told about Stanley Morris, who heard an explosion-like noise outside his Louisville, Kentucky, home. When Mr. Morris investigated, he discovered his home, garage, and yard and those of his neighbors were covered with bags of cookies. There were no identifying labels or marks on the cookie bags and no one could explain how or why the "rain of cookies" originated.

On March 3, 1876, a farm in Bath county, Kentucky, became littered with a large amount of fresh, beef-like meat which plunged from the skies. The meat was sliced into thin strips and it blanketed two mountain slopes. One investigator cooked a small chunk over a fire. "It was delicious," he reported, "and extremely tender."

Did these foods fall from another dimension? Science has yet to define space and time and perhaps when they do we will discover a free source of food for our mushrooming world population.

Mystery of the Lost Pharaoh's Cave

Early in the 1840s the son of a Ticonderoga, New York, farmer named Johnson returned home after a day of exploration in the forests near his home. The tired boy proudly carried a dull-colored, circular metal disc.

The homesteading farmer inspected the strange disc. The object was plain on one side but the engraving of an elephant-like creature was etched on the opposite side.

"Where did you find this?" the curious father inquired.

"I was playing in the forest with the Indian boys when it started to rain," the Johnson boy explained. "The Indians led me to a cave where we stayed until the rain stopped. There were funny drawings on the wall, Paw, and the floor was covered with these metal things."

"Don't follow those Indians into any more caves," snapped the father.

"Please, Paw, we were going back tomorrow," pleaded the boy.

"You might break a leg or fall down a hole. We'd never find you, son," the older man explained, patiently. He returned the metal disc to his son. "One ought to be enough to play with."

The boy promptly hid the disc from the prying eyes of his playmates and forgot about it. Years passed. He grew into manhood, married and tilled the soil. Children arrived and, as time passed, the aging farmer gathered his grandchildren on his lap and related delightful incidents from his frontier youth.

During one of these story-telling sessions, the aging farmer related his adventures in the cave to his young wide-eyed grandson, Richard Johnson. "You can have that metal disc," the old man informed his enthusiastic grandson. "But you must promise to hide it somewhere so you can give it to your children."

"Can we go to the cave, Grandpaw?" the boy inquired.

"No. It's very difficult to find. The Indians moved away.

I was never able to find the entrance after I grew to be a man."

"Where was it?"

"Somewhere on Mt. Pharaoh," the old man replied. "Perhaps you can find it when you're older."

Years later, after he had grown to manhood and majored in geology at college, Richard Johnson returned to the family farm. Like his grandfather, he had hidden the disc and forgotten about it. Workmen were tearing down an ancient barn on the Johnson family farm when the disc dropped from a rafter.

Johnson's practiced eye scanned the object. He tested the metal to be certain. "It's gold," he announced. "But not gold found in America." A reddish color indicated the metal was probably of European or Asian origin.

Expert archeologists inspected the disc. "It's very ancient," they agreed. "It's definitely not the work of the American Indians. The drawing is also puzzling. If the sketch is that of a mastodon, it adds up to an even greater mystery because these creatures were not found in Europe. And there have not been any in America for several thousand years."

Richard Johnson crawled over the slopes of Mt. Pharaoh in search of the treasure. Apparently time, underbrush or a cave-in had hidden the elusive cave entrance.

An experienced cave explorer has also hunted for the mysterious cave. Richard Gurnee, a president of the National Speleological Society, was unable to locate the mysterious cave. Gurnee believed the cave entrance could have been located up to a half-mile east of the mountain, due to limestone formations in the region.

Ticonderoga residents hint the cave may contain millions in golden discs and, some whisper, possibly jewels. Expert archeologists are intrigued by the possibility that some unknown ancient race left a cave crammed with artifacts. More than one group of experienced cave crawlers have tried to locate the underground cavern, but none have solved the mystery of the cave on Mt. Pharaoh.

The Ghost in Buck Hill Caverns

A few miles from the tiny town of Bell's Cove, deep in the rugged mountains of Virginia, is an unexplored underground wonderland in the little-known Buck Hill Caverns. While the nearby Natural Bridge is visited each year by several hundred thousand vacationers, the cave has not been opened as a tourist attraction.

People who have ventured into the cave are convinced something supernatural lurks within its dark passages. "It's haunted," is a common statement.

Jake Fitzgerald was one of the few men to venture deep within the astonishing wonderland. In October, 1889, Fitzgerald was paid a dollar a day to explore the cave. "I've heard some stories about the strange beauty in there," Col. Henry Parsons said. "You tell me what you discover."

Armed with kerosene lanterns, candles, ropes, picks and shovels, Jake Fitzgerald and his brother, Joe, disappeared into the cave. A curious group of mountaineers waited at the entrance. The sun was sinking below a mountain ridge when the two youths returned. Excitedly, they told of a limitless wonderland of jewel-like magnificence beneath the ground. Vast open chambers, crystal lakes, strangely shaped stone formations, jewel-like stalagmites and stalactites intermingled with underground rivers, waterfalls and even beautiful cave flowers.

Fired with enthusiasm, a team of eight men entered the cave. They planned to open Buck Hill Caverns for the public. For several weeks they mapped the vast network of underground passageways and moved deeper into the earth's bowels. One day, the workmen were resting beside a frozen, stone waterfall. To their left was a yawning pit that seemingly had no bottom. They had dropped pans into the opening and listened for the sound of landing. There was only silence.

They had been eating lunch when, without warning, a strange cry drifted up from the pit. It was an eerie groan.

"My God! That sounds like a woman crying," whispered a startled workman. The voice ceased, then broke through

the darkness again like the anguished moan of a dying woman.

"There can't be nobody down here but us," said a youth, pressing close to the others. His spine tingled with fear.

A louder moan roared through the cave, floating eerily out of the uncanny chasm. It was followed by the sound of heavy, ominous breathing.

"Something's alive in there," shouted the first worker. "Boys, Let's get to the top."

The panicked workers left their tools on the edge of the chasm. They grabbed their lanterns. It was a frantic, fearful group that clawed, ran and crawled into the welcome light of the outside world.

The crew was adamant. They would not return into the cave. Stories spread throughout the region about the unknown "phantom" or "ghost" in Buck Hill Caverns. The superstitious mountaineers listened and nodded. Ghosts, spooks and haunts were common knowledge. Everyone knew these things existed. Alarmed men refused to accept any price to explore, map and open the cave.

"There's something prowling around down there. I ain't going in," was a standard reply.

It may prowl yet today in those mysterious caverns.

Strange Treasure Lights

One of the strangest legends concerns an unexplained phenomenon known as "treasure lights." These globs of glowing lights have been seen in many countries and, ancient legends say, they hover over treasure buried beneath the ground or under the water. These "luces del dinero" as they are called in South American countries have been seen along the Spanish treasure routes where cruel Conquistadors travelled with their riches.

"Never dig during the night because these lights are accompanied by the devil's demons," natives in Panama reported.

Some of the treasure lights are pale green; others have been seen burning with a brilliant blue intensity. Scientists fall back on the "swamp gas" theory when these lights are mentioned. The glowing lights flicker and burn like a roaring fire but, despite their frequently tremendous size, vegetation is never scorched or burned.

These mystifying treasure lights have also been noted on many occasions around Orachoke in North Carolina's outer banks. The bloody pirate, Blackbeard, headquartered his buccaneers in Pimlico Sound and, supposedly, the ghostly treasure lights mark the location of his buried booty.

The Idiot Genius of Earleswood Asylum

A most unusual idiot with genius talent was the celebrated "Idiot Genius of Earleswood Asylum." Shortly after his birth in England in 1835, J. H. Pullen revealed evidence of severe retardation. The child was unable to speak until he was seven years old and then could only mumble "muvver." However, he exhibited an early talent for drawing and scribbled feverishly for long hours with a charcoal pencil. He was also fond of carving delicate little ships out of ordinary wood.

When he was 15 years old, Pullen was admitted to Earleswood Asylum and assigned to the carpentry shop. His reputation as an extraordinarily skilled craftsman became evident when he designed and constructed intricate bookcases, desks, chairs, tables, and picture frames.

Pullen was quite egotistical about his work, which surprised his doctors as most idiot geniuses are not capable of appreciating their talents. When visitors to the asylum commented on his remarkable projects, the idiot genius patted his own head and commented: "Very clever. Very clever."

An example of Pullen's patience and skill was a ten-foot, thirteen-inch wide model of a steamship which he called "the *Great Eastern.*" This masterpiece of miniaturization was exhibited at an 1883 fisheries exhibition. Pullen used one and one-half million wooden pins to affix planks to the ribs of his model and he designed a complicated machine to mass produce these pins.

Only one of his inventions failed to operate efficiently. During a change in the hospital staff, Pullen developed a strong hatred for a new hospital steward.

"I'm gonna do 'im in," the cunning idiot mumbled to his fellow patients.

For weeks, Pullen slumped over his drawing board. The idiot genius wrestled with the perfect murder machine. Finally, he developed a Rube Goldberg type of guillotine and

affixed it to a doorway. The angered idiot genius rang for the steward.

"It was an incredibly complicated invention," a doctor reported. "It was timed to fall a split second too late . . . or perhaps the attendant came through the door faster than usual."

Pullen chuckled with delight when the steward asked to be transferred to another section of the asylum. The unusual genius of Earleswood Asylum died on May 31, 1916, at the age of 81. An autopsy revealed his brain was small and ape-like; it was apparently suited only to simple tasks and patterns despite his known ability to construct complicated mechanisms.

Idiot savants, as these exceptionally rare mental defectives are known, usually display an advanced talent that surpasses even the most intelligent members of society. Dr. A. F. Tredgold, an English physician who spent a lifetime in the study of mental deficiency, stated these special talents are created by "increased development of certain groups of neurons or nerve cells." Dr. Tredgold believed these special talents were created through constant mental exercise.

Some observers believe there is an amazingly thin line between the idiot and the genius. The talents of mental defectives such as J. H. Pullen reveal our limited knowledge of the abilities of the human mind.

The Ghost Battle at Edge Hill

One quiet evening shortly before Christmas, 1642, peasants and townsmen in Keinton, England, gathered at the village inn for grog and conversation. Their discussion was about the battle of Edge Hill, which had been fought near the village on October 23 of that year. A superior Parliamentary Army led by the Earl of Essex had defeated King Charles and his Royalist troops.

The door of the tavern was suddenly flung open and an obviously distraught shepherd boy dashed into the tavern. "The armies are fighting in the sky over Edge Hill!" he shouted. "There are ghosts in the clouds."

Startled villagers dashed to Edge Hill where they saw phantom battalions of ghostly soldiers forming in the night sky. These maneuvers were accompanied by the sound of drums and the life-like shouts of nervous officers.

"Look!" shouted an amazed peasant. "One army carries the king's colors and the other has the Parliament's banner."

As the astonished onlookers gasped, the ghost armies charged into battle. Cannons boomed and muskets crackled amid the cries of dying soldiers.

"It's strange, laddies," said an elderly merchant. "This is exactly like the battle that was fought here two months ago."

"Hush, John. If the beasties hear ye, they may kill us," his wide-eyed wife cautioned.

The ghost battle between the phantom armies was an exact rerun of the previous engagement two months in the past. It was as if some celestial cameraman had photographed the Edge Hill battle and was now projecting his movie in the sky. The battle continued until 3 A.M. Then the King's troops retreated, the victors cheered their conquest, and the sky spectacle faded away.

Dozens of witnesses hastened to the home of William Wood, a respected justice of the peace. The village squire viewed their tale with understandable skepticism. "You've

been drinking too much grog," snapped the squire. "I'm not about to believe ye and these wild tales."

After the peasants insisted, the squire and Reverend Samuel Marshall agreed to accompany the witness to Edge Hill on the following night. The original witnesses and scores of scoffing newcomers were bundled against the chilled wintry wind as they gathered on Edge Hill. The ghostly spectacle reappeared on schedule.

"I don't believe what my eyes are seeing," commented Squire Wood. Reverend Marshall agreed. The second performance was complete to the smallest detail.

In the evenings that followed, regular performances appeared on schedule each evening and the battle was watched by hundreds of curious English country folk. Squire Wood wrote to King Charles in hopes of obtaining a rational explanation for the strange event.

When the letter reached King Charles at his royal palace, the monarch scowled. "This ridiculous story will keep the memory of my defeat at Edge Hill in everyone's mind for years," he raged to his courtiers. "Dispatch some army officers to squelch these stupid stories."

Colonel Louis Kirke, Captain James Dudley and Captain Robert Wainman were sent to Keinton with instructions to expose the rumors.

"Be certain to arrest the scoundrels behind this heathen scheme," ordered King Charles.

The king's three emissaries were unable to convince the villagers that their unusual story was preposterous. They threatened, cajoled and belabored witnesses as being guilty of near treasonable acts.

"Come out to Edge Hill and watch the spectacle for yourself," was a standard reply from Squire Wood, Reverend Marshall and other villagers.

Frustrated in their efforts to suppress the story, the king's officers went to Edge Hill to check on the aerial reenactment of the battle. The ghostly drama started on time, as usual and the incredulous officers were stunned by the spectacle. At first, Colonel Kirke maintained it was the result of "sorcery or trickery."

As the colonel continued to watch the ghost armies, he saw the image of Sir Edmund Varney come into view from behind a cloud.

"He's going to be killed!" Colonel Kirke whispered. "Look! I'm up there behind him trying to warn him."

The mystified colonel watched the images of several friends fall in battle. After apologies to the villagers, the king's emissaries returned to the palace at Oxford and swore that their testimony was true. Disgusted with the report, and concerned with other affairs, King Charles forgot the matter.

Although there were several more appearances of the weird battle between two phantom armies over Edge Hill, learned men did not investigate the matter. If they had done so, their interest would have brought instant retaliation from the king. The spectacle continued for several weeks over the English countryside and then gradually faded and ultimately vanished.

Thomas A. Edison, American inventor and an individual interested in the strange and unexplainable, suggested that no type of energy is ever dissipated. He believed it possible that the entire past is recorded in an ethereal scrapbook. These images might be recorded just as present events are photographed on film or tape. The correct sensitivity, exact atmospheric conditions or other unknown factors might create a replay of past events.

"Time . . . What is it?" inquired a baffled Saint Augustine. "If no one inquires, I know. But if I am asked, I do not know!"

India's Strange Murder Cult

No known group of organized criminals has ever killed as viciously and as frequently as the cold-blooded murderers who belonged to the dreaded Thuggee Sect of India. These cutthroat cultists strangled over 30,000 persons during a deadly reign of terror in India during the 1830s. The very mention of their name caused courageous men to cringe with alarm. The victims of each Thuggee massacre were dedicated to their goddess, Kali.

Some authorities say the Thuggee was organized in the late 16th century. Their first recorded arrest occurred in 1812 and it required another twenty-three years for skilled lawmen to destroy the infamous fraternity.

Thuggee membership was hereditary. Practitioners held special classes for children where they were taught to garrote with a quiet, cloth noose.

The Thuggee indoctrinated their children with these specialized murderer's skills and with training in the by-laws of the cult. "You must remember to break all joints in a body after you've strangled a person," the teacher stated. "Why do we do that?"

"I know," grinned a dark-eyed boy. "It speeds up decay of the body and stops swelling of the corpse."

"Why do we want to stop the corpse from swelling?"

Another hand shot up. "It might cause the grave to swell and jackals or a curious farmer might find the corpse."

"Right. What is our greatest glory?"

"Murder," shouted the class.

"What is glorified above all honor or accomplishments?"

"Dedicating our victims as sacrifices to Kali," the class roared.

Thuggee tots were taught a strange code of conduct. It forbade the killing of women, musicians, fakirs, dancers, sweepers, crippled or leprous persons, blacksmiths, oil vendors, carpenters and Ganges River water carriers.

"When do we break these rules?" the teacher asked.

"When a wife might be with her husband," answered a

Thuggee child. "We can violate the code to protect the secret of our society."

"What is the strongest rule of our brotherhood?"

"We are never to shed blood," the class replied. According to Thuggee legends, Kali provided the Thuggees with special strangling skills if they murdered without shedding blood.

Bands of Thuggee killers were masters of disguise. They prowled the country in caravans posing as harmless traders or pilgrims. Some used uniforms from army victims and pretended to be soldiers. One imaginative strangler posed as a Rajah; his henchmen acted out roles as members of his retinue.

Although the Thuggee claimed they did not kill for riches, the criminal cult established an efficient system of spies and informers in the marketplaces of India. Wealthy travelers frequently carried enormous sums of money and large quantities of gold or jewels. Informants were generously rewarded when they lured a rich victim into a Thuggee ambush.

In 1828, a wealthy merchant left Bombay for Calcutta to purchase supplies for his shops. The wily merchant hired several trusted guards to protect him on the journey. The group had scarcely left Bombay before a soldier stopped their caravan and inquired about directions.

"I'm going to Calcutta but must have taken the wrong turn somewhere," the soldier said, flashing a disarming smile.

"You're headed in the wrong direction." The merchant laughed. "Do you go the wrong way in battle?"

The soldier's smile vanished. "Battles I understand. Roads confuse me."

After a few questions, answered smoothly by the soldier, the merchant invited the stranger to join his caravan. The merchant and seventeen of his party were murdered in their sleep that same night.

These wholesale massacres were usually committed when unsuspecting victims camped for the night. If an intended victim escaped from the camping area, he was apprehended by scouts posted around the camp. Total death was the object of every Thuggee raid.

After a successful ambush, the Thugs indulged in unrestrained sex orgies with the Tantrists, their female companions. This equally secret society of feral females held the

perverted principle that only by steady indulgence in passionate debauchery could a follower attain complete union with the goddess Kali. These Thuggee camp followers also believed total immersion in vice and sin would purify and cleanse the soul.

Eventually, authorities succeeded in penetrating the secret sect and the world was stunned at the eerie evidence presented by the prosecution. A band of twenty Thugs admitted they had killed 5,200 persons. Burham, a grotesque Thuggee leader, had strangled 931 innocent victims in forty years of crime.

A reporter interviewed this king of killers during his trial. "Do you feel any remorse about strangling these people?" the newsman inquired.

Burham arched a scarred brow. "Does any man feel guilt in following his trade?" the Thuggee replied.

In October, 1835, the last of the Thuggee trials were completed and sentences were delivered. Authorities hanged 382 of the cultists; 986 were sentenced to life imprisonment with no chance for parole and 1,562 were imprisoned for long terms.

The shadow of the Thuggee noose still haunts India. Isolated cases of noose murders appear irregularly and some say the secret stranglers still exist as a small, yet deadly, sect.

How it Feels to Die on the Gallows

In 1705, a convicted criminal named Alexander Smith died on the gallows—only to return to life after his body had been cut down to tell how it felt to die in such a fashion.

According to several documents dating from that time, Alexander Smith was a rogue and burglar who had plagued the people of London for several years before he had been apprehended and sentenced to death for his foul deeds. In those days it was commonplace to sentence hapless criminals to die on the gallows for crimes of a non-violent or serious character. Thieves would be punished by having their hands or arms chopped off. Habitual criminals would all be hanged by the neck on the gallows just outside the city's gates.

Shortly after Alexander Smith was tried and convicted by His Majesty's court, and just before he was to swing from the gallows, Alexander's father managed to get a stay of execution from one of the court officials.

As he and several friends and relatives frantically rushed through the city toward the gallows at the gate, poor Alexander had already mounted the gallows and had the rope around his neck. The executioner pulled the lever to the trap door and Alexander's body fell through and dangled jerkily as the last pulsations of life ceased in his body.

Several minutes later Alexander's father and the others with him arrived. They knew that the young man was dead, but nevertheless they hurriedly cut his body down and untied the bindings.

Then, all of a sudden the dead man's body jerked and twitched. His eyes opened and he groaned. A half hour later he was walking home beside his father and the others.

This is the statement young Alexander Smith gave to several clergymen who were keenly interested in what he had experienced when he had died:

"I knew when they cut me down and laid me on the ground. And I knew that I had died when the heavy weight

of my body drew the noose so tight around my neck that the life was strangled right out of me. At first I had the sensation that my spirit was in great turmoil and I seemed to be growing lighter and moving upward. A bright ray of light burned through my brain and seemed to set me aglow. Then the light seemed to shoot out of my eyes into the black hood they had over my head. I lost all sense of pain. I also lost track of time, although some part of me seemed to be aware of what was happening.

"Then, after I felt them untying my body on the ground I felt I didn't want them to bring me back to life because there was a terrible pain in my head as the blood returned to my brain. I wanted those who were saving me to stop what they were doing and let me alone. I wanted to remain as I was—dead."

After his uncanny return to life, Smith once again resumed his career as a desperado. He was rearrested and a magistrate, taking into consideration his notoriety as "the Smith who returned from the dead," once again gave him a second chance and set him free. A short while later, Smith was arrested and taken to the bar of justice for the third time. The magistrate was no longer lenient. He pronounced the death sentence and Smith was carted off for his appointment with the hangman.

As the hood was being lowered over his face, Smith laughed at the hangman and said, "I know how it feels to die. You should try it this time instead of me."

No sooner had he uttered those mocking words, than the hangman clutched his chest, turned pale, and collapsed. He died of a heart attack. During the ensuing confusion, young Alexander Smith escaped. He was never heard from again—no doubt because he "knew" how it felt to die on the gallows and decided that he'd had enough. It wasn't so nice after all.

Calf with the Devil Brand

The ownership of an unbranded yearling calf was always doubtful in the Big Bend country of Texas. Cattle roamed the unfenced land and strays frequently mingled with other herds. During round-up time, the ranchers met and settled the problem of ownership.

In 1890, cowboys from the several Big Bend cattle ranches cut out the calves from the branded herds during the annual round-up. Cows bawled for their calves. The harsh odor of burning hide and dust caused tempers to bubble up to a boiling point.

A rancher named Poe had cut a yearling out of another herd and started it toward his own outfit.

"That's our animal," said Fine Gililland, boss cowboy for the other ranch.

Gililland tried to lasso the calf as Poe moved the animal toward his own herd. Poe decided to end the argument. He aimed his six shooter at the calf, shot and missed. Gililland thought Poe had fired at him; the cowboy wheeled, drew his pistol and shot Poe. The rancher dropped from the saddle, mortally wounded. Gililland collected his belongings and hit the outlaw trail. He was killed a few weeks later in a gun fight with the Texas Rangers.

After Rancher Poe's death, no rancher wanted the maverick calf. They burned the animal with a brand that settled forever all arguments over his ownership and the animal became a legend in the Big Bend country. He was shunned like a beast bearing a curse. The steer turned wild and, as years passed, only the shadowy glimpses of a big gray hulk would occasionally be reported by a superstitious cowboy.

The cattlemen had branded the calf with large letters that seared his side. The foot-high letters spelled "MURDER."

People with Computer Minds

The power of the mind has many unexplained abilities. Consider the well-documented instances of super-memory and the ability to perform incredible calculations on complex mathematical problems.

Johann Martin Dase, born in 1824, lived in Hamburg, Germany, and prominent scientists used his computer-like mind to solve their most involved problems. One afternoon Dase multiplied a number of 100 digits by a number of 113 digits and announced the correct answer in eight and one-half minutes.

Rabbi Elijah of Vilna, Lithuania, was another mental marvel. The Rabbi read thousands of books and his retentive memory recalled any sentence, page or chapter from any of these books instantaneously. "This ability is a curse," the Rabbi complained. "Although it may appear desirable to remember everything you read, I cannot forget anything."

Henry Nelson Pillsbury, tagged "the American Chess Wizard," could play and remember the complicated moves on twenty to thirty chess boards at one time. He was so perfect in his recall of each chess game that he could be blindfolded and still triumph over his astonished opponents.

The abilities of these incredible mental wizards indicate we have barely ventured into the fascinating, unexplored territory within our own minds.

The Mysterious Paralyzing Fog

The British steamship, the *Mohican*, steamed through the Delaware breakwater en route to the port of Philadelphia on the morning of July 31, 1904, when a strange glowing fog suddenly moved from the west and surrounded the vessel.

Captain G. F. Urquhart and his crewmen were terrorized when the sailors on deck glowed as if they were phosphorous phantoms. Below decks, in the navigation room, even stranger things were happening to the ship's direction-finding equipment.

"The compass is spinning like a propeller," snapped a navigator. Later, it was discovered the entire ship was magnetized and even the strongest sailor was unable to raise a piece of metal from the decks.

"My sailors were in absolute terror," Captain Urquhart reported. "The magnetic effect of the fog made their hair stand on end. They dashed around the ship in a frenzied panic. They glowed like running ghosts. I tried to calm the crew but I was unable to provide an explanation for the fog. Several seamen were paralyzed by the mysterious vapor. The entire ship glowed as if it was afire."

A half hour after the cloud enshrouded the *Mohican* there was a gradual lifting of the vapor and, within a few minutes, the fog moved toward the ocean. The brilliant glow of the ship and its seamen ended. The magnetic effect disappeared from the steel hull and the frightened sailors sailed the vessel into port.

There has never been an explanation for this fantastic fog that paralyzed a ship and turned men into screaming, phosphorescent phantoms.

Strange Ghost of the Marble Mantelpiece

The beautiful marble mantelpiece had decorated the large fireplace in Dunsandle Castle in Loughrey, County Galway, Ireland for many years. Irish marble sculptor Christy O'Neill saw the massive mantelpiece, purchased it, and moved the object to his Dublin workshop.

"I was working one afternoon when I happened to glance over at the mantelpiece," the sculptor told a writer for Ireland's *Empire News*. "There was a tall, shadowy man leaning against it. I walked over to see who it was, when the figure suddenly vanished."

After the ghostly visitor's first appearance, O'Neill's workshop became subject to strange phenomena. Chunks of marble were tossed about the room although there was no one in the studio. Chords of mysterious music frightened O'Neill's wife and children. The thud of heavy, unexplainable footsteps was heard several times.

O'Neill returned to the castle. He discovered the ghost had haunted the great corridors of Dunsandle Castle for many years. "Strange now that ye mention it," a caretaker said. "We haven't seen the spook since you left with the mantelpiece."

The Irish sculptor returned to his workshop. Selecting his best hammer, he smashed the mantelpiece into small chunks and tossed the pieces into a scrap heap. Since then, neither the visitor nor the baffling noises have disturbed the sculptor's workshop.

The Prophecy about George Washington

One incident that is not told in history books concerns a strange prophecy made by an Indian chief when George Washington and his friend, Dr. Craik, led an expedition into the unexplored mountains of western Virginia.

One morning the Virginians tightened their grip on their rifles when they saw a large party of Indians approaching their camp. "Don't worry," Washington said. "The man in front is wearing ceremonial feathers. He's a grand chief over several tribes."

Although Washington had never met the chief, he was greeted warmly by the redman. The peace pipe was smoked and then the chief told his story:

"I am the leader and ruler of many tribes and I've traveled many miles after my scouts said you were in these forests." The chief pointed to George Washington. "I have come to see the fearless warrior of the great battle. I saw you first when our warriors attacked your scouting party in the forest." He named an isolated stretch of western country.

"I ordered my braves to aim their weapons well and be certain that you were killed," the chief continued. "Their rifles were fired several times but every bullet missed. The Great Spirit used his power to shield you from harm."

"I have seen visions now and must speak of the things I know. You will become the chief of a nation. You will be called the father of an empire mightier than any known to any man. You will lead a charmed life and be guided by the Great Spirit, who will protect you from harm."

Washington and his comrades dismissed the prophecy as the babbling of an old, demented Indian. "He was probably drinking too much firewater," laughed Washington's companion.

However, the old sachem's prophecy was completely fulfilled. There did seem to be a great power shielding Washington from injury on the battlefield. An Indian shot at him from

an ambush and missed at a distance of four yards. A cannonball once dropped harmlessly at his feet. Washington was the only one of General Braddock's aides to escape from the Monongahela massacre. He was constantly exposed to incredible danger during the revolution and was never harmed. Death seemed to take a vacation from Washington so he could become our first president and the father of America.

The Day Las Vegas Went Boom

On the morning of April 29, 1964, the casinos along the strip and in downtown Las Vegas, Nevada, went berserk. Without warning the hubbub of the roulette wheels, whirring slot machines, clicking wheels of fortune, and rattling dice was drowned out by a thunderous booming sound that ricocheted through the atmosphere. Stacks of chips tumbled out of their trays and cascaded down over the floors. Dice that had already "crapped out" for their luckless shooters jumped to life and turned up sevens. While the windows shook and the gaming tables moved about, the very foundations of the buildings trembled.

Only by some miracle was a panic avoided. But suddenly as the tumult had begun, it was over just as abruptly.

The mysterious boom which has been described by some as a "gigantic thunderclap" or a "sonic boom magnified all out of proportion" has never been explained. The Las Vegas police and the Civil Defense authorities were at a loss for words to rationalize what had happened or where the great shock wave of sound and vibration had come from. Atomic energy experimenters at nearby proving grounds disavowed knowledge of what had caused the disturbance. Official word from Washington said that no atomic tests were being made at that time so it could not have been caused by a nuclear explosion. Moreover, the shock wave of sound and vibration that had been experienced in Las Vegas that morning was several times more disturbing than any prior test made by American scientists.

To this date no official body has offered a logical explanation for the mighty boom that rocked Las Vegas. However, there are isolated reports from prospectors and other individuals who claim that on the morning of April 29, 1964, they witnessed a tremendous shower of flying "lights" in the sky over Nevada. The "lights" were as brilliant as noonday suns and they were flying in formation at the speed of fifty thousand miles or more per hour. We wonder, could these mys-

terious sightings have had anything to do with the boom that rocked Las Vegas?

Perhaps one day man will learn the answer; but until that time, there are many habitués of the gaming tables who are ready and anxious to take advantage of the next time a sound wave rocks the casinos.

Mystery Ruins in Texas

The remains of a giant wall of rocks in Rockwall county, Texas, has led to speculation that these crude, one-ton stones may have formed the altars and palaces of a Mayan city. The ancient stone walls are laid in straight lines, several rows deep with mortar between the layers. The stones are staggered as if they had been laid by a modern bricklayer.

Ed Syers of the *San Antonio News* interviewed elderly Joe Wanderer, of Rockwall, Texas, in 1963. Wanderer revealed there were several unusual designs carved into the rocks and that a stone serpent's head had been found between Rockwall and Royse City.

Geologists insist the mystery walls were formed by ancient volcanic lava that hardened into block-like patterns. The residents of Rockwall doubt this explanation. "Some stones were removed years ago and it was discovered that the rock veins on the next layer ran opposite to its neighbor's," one Texan related. "Another time we found the stone lines were broken by window openings. This doesn't sound like a natural reaction of a volcano some five or ten million years ago."

Several southwestern treasure hunters are also dubious about the volcanic explanation. Teams of gold-hungry expeditions have started to check out the mysterious structure. "We believe that careful mapping with electronic treasure detectors may turn up a priceless treasure," the leader of one team explained recently.

The treasure hunters recalled that geologists swore it was impossible to find gold in the Big Bend country and, recently, a mine with enormous potential was discovered.

A strange volcanic pattern or the remains of a serpent-worshipping culture? Only further investigation will reveal the truth about the mystery walls in Rockwall, Texas.

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The Ghost Ghoul's Warning of Death

Lord Dufferin was in a lively mood on the warm night of June 14, 1878. The distinguished Englishman had been invited to spend a well deserved vacation with a friend in Ireland and the invitation had been accepted with warm enthusiasm. Lord Dufferin was badly in need of a pleasant distraction from his diplomatic duties. He had served with distinction as the Viceroy of India, as Governor General of Canada and as an ambassador to Moscow and Rome.

Following a festive dinner, Lord Dufferin enjoyed several hours of stimulating conversation with his host and the other guests. At one point, a thin young girl interrupted the conversation. "Do you hear of ghosts and things in your travels, Lord Dufferin?"

The nobleman snorted. "Such things exist only in our imagination," he told the child. "As Sir Henry will vouch, I am a practical man and I have no time to give to this nonsense of psychic phenomena and wee beasties that go bump in the night."

The conversation returned to an animated analysis of the European political situation. At eleven o'clock, Lord Dufferin and the other guests were directed to their bedrooms by the host.

For no apparent reason, Lord Dufferin awoke suddenly during the night. The air in the bedroom seemed to be supercharged with some form of crackling electricity. A feeling of dread and fear crawled over Lord Dufferin as grotesque moonlit shadows danced on the walls of the room.

Dufferin fumbled for matches and lit a candle. "I'm getting excited about nothing," he decided. "All of these Irish houses are said to be haunted by some sort of silly ghost."

The nobleman lit his pipe. He attempted to allay his strange fear when a ghastly moaning rolled into the room through an open window.

"It can't be wind; there's no breeze tonight!" Dufferin muttered. "The curtains are not stirring. An owl. That's it! An owl or some sort of bird."

The lingering moan growled, splitting the darkness again. Lord Dufferin leaped from his bed, sprinted to a terrace and looked out on the lawn shaded by rows of majestic old trees. He peered intently into the dark bushes when the moaning was transformed into a heavy panting.

"Oh no!" he gasped. Something shadowy staggered out of the trees and into the moonlight. A man struggled under the weight of an enormous black coffin. "A bloody body-snatcher," Dufferin snapped. He leaped from the terrace and dashed toward the figure.

"Explain yourself, man," Dufferin shouted. "What have you got there?"

The stranger twisted under his macabre burden and stared at Lord Bufferin. A scarred, ghastly face etched with vile evil glared in the moonlight. Lord Dufferin was stunned by the repulsive countenance. The eyes were dark pools of lurking evil.

"I said put that coffin down and explain yourself!" Dufferin leaped toward the panting man. The surprised nobleman walked right through the figure! Confused, Dufferin wheeled around and discovered the strange man had vanished. The shadows of darkness and eerie moonlight covered the lawn.

Shaking with fear, Lord Dufferin returned to his room. The electrical charge had left the air. He wrote a detailed account of his strange experience in his diary.

At breakfast, Dufferin told his host of the incident.

"There haven't been any deaths around here in several months," Sir Henry explained. "I've never heard of any man such as you described. If I do, I shall immediately run away from him. He sounds like a bad one."

As the years passed, details of the incredible encounter blurred in Lord Dufferin's mind. He told the story on several occasions to enliven a lagging conversation. "I shall never forget that face," he claimed. "It was the ugliest man in the world."

Twenty years later, Lord Dufferin was appointed the British Ambassador to France. As part of his diplomatic duties he accepted an invitation to attend a gala reception at the famed Grand Hotel in Paris. The lobby of the luxurious hotel

was crowded with dignitaries and representatives from several countries.

"What a nuisance." It was a German diplomat. "They never have enough lifts."

Lord Dufferin nodded. He saw a throng of ambassadors and their equerries waiting for an elevator. "Come with me," he announced. "You can ride up on the ambassadors' lift."

Lord Dufferin, his secretary and the German diplomat joined several dignitaries who waited at the ornate entrance to the V.I.P. elevator. The elevator door opened and the group moved toward the entrance. Lord Dufferin glanced toward the elevator operator and recoiled with chilling horror.

"Don't go in there." The Englishman's trembling arm grabbed his secretary and the German.

"What's the matter?" The secretary was alarmed.

Dufferin failed to answer. He gazed with panic-stricken terror at a face it was impossible to forget. It was the ghoulish face that had haunted him twenty years previously in Ireland. There was the same twisted leer, the vacant evil eyes and the same hunched body.

"Going up, sir?" The squat man motioned for Dufferin to enter the elevator.

"We'll wait." Dufferin mumbled an excuse. He rushed to the office of the hotel manager.

"Who is the man running the ambassador's elevator tonight?" he inquired.

"I'll check our personnel records, your excellency." The manager reached toward a file box. His arm froze. A loud, booming noise roared through the hotel. It was followed by the anguished cries of dying men.

Lord Dufferin's secretary hysterically entered the office. "The lift . . . the one you didn't enter . . . it's crashed, sir!"

The elevator had risen to the sixth floor when, without warning, the cables snapped and the car plunged down the shaft. The elevator operator and the twelve men in the car were crushed and mutilated.

Who was the mysterious man? No one ever knew. Both the French and British secret service attempted unsuccessfully to identify the mysterious elevator operator. "It's as if he came down out of the sky," an inspector said.

"Or up out of the grave," Lord Dufferin thought.

The Englishman's Prophetic Song

On December 2, 1905, Thomas Holland was walking through the streets of Hanley, England, singing a hymn.

"*When the roll . . . when the roll . . . when the roll is called up yonder I'll be there,*" the Englishman sang.

Suddenly, the earth opened up beneath the singer and he disappeared. Holland was never seen again and funeral services were held on the spot where he disappeared.

The Ocean's "Death Valley"

In late 1966, the Navy Electronics Laboratory at San Diego, California, announced they had discovered a "Death Valley" in the Pacific Ocean. The strange valley is 4,000 feet deep, 10 miles north of Catalina Island, off the California coast.

All forms of life die upon entering the valley. "The bottom was covered by a brownish-gray carpet of dead organic matter," reported Dr. Eugene La Fond, director of the Laboratory's Marine Environment Division. Dr. La Fond was one of three men aboard the Deepstar, a 3-man submarine, when the strange area was discovered.

"Absolutely nothing was alive," said Dr. La Fond. "There was no trace of oxygen." Some ocean worms can exist without oxygen. There was no trace of these organisms in the deadly sea valley.

Maritime Monster Madness

It was July, 1893, and the steamship *Umfli* slashed through the swelling waves of the turbulent South Atlantic Ocean. It was near noon on a cloudy, misty morning, when the ship was several hundred miles from land, that a breathless mate dashed into the cabin of Captain Cringle.

"Sir! The lookout has spotted a sea serpent," announced the mate.

"Mister! Have you been drinking?" snapped the captain, sniffing his mate's breath. "There is no such thing as a sea serpent."

Minutes later, Captain Cringle, his officers, crew members and scores of the ship's passengers revised their thoughts about marine monsters. Swimming a few yards away from the *Umfli* was a barrel-bodied creature with three sharp humps rising up behind its 15-foot serpentine neck. Its weird head rode 15 to 20 feet out of the water atop the slender neck.

The awed group observed the strange serpent for almost an hour. They lost sight of their unusual creature when it sank beneath the waves and disappeared into the ocean depths.

Captain Cringle realized that sailors have been sighting sea monsters since the first seaman left land on history's first voyage. He knew the old tales told in taverns about ancient sailors who claimed the ocean was filled with maritime monsters and gigantic sea serpents. Such legends prevented the exploration of much of the world until Christopher Columbus sailed and discovered the New World.

Captain Cringle assembled his crew and passengers. "We have witnessed a creature not known to man," he announced. "I would like each of you to write your account of this sighting and then sign a statement to authenticate what has happened this morning."

These statements and the documents were promptly prepared and signed. The first mate placed them in Captain Cringle's safe. "I don't think anyone will believe us," the mate said, dourly.

The mate's statement was prophetic. Scientists refused to seriously consider the possibility of a sea serpent. Some suggested a string of porpoises had been mistakenly identified; others said it was a floating island of seaweed. One crusty gentleman wrote a scathing article in a scientific journal and stated the observers had witnessed a combination of sharks, seaweed and porpoises while under mass hallucinations.

"I don't know what it was," Captain Cringle conceded. "If seaweed can move along at 14 knots or a fish can keep its head 15 feet out of water, then I don't know my sea. I wish it had been some other ship to have spotted the monster. I've been ridiculed by everyone."

In the past century, many respected people have spotted sea serpents and marine monsters. The bodies of huge, unknown ocean creatures have been washed ashore in Scotland, England, France, and several other European countries. The carcass of an incredible monster was beached in Tasmania recently. Scientists have been baffled in their efforts to identify the creature.

Captain George Hope sighted a weird marine animal in 1883 and said it had "the head of an alligator, except that the neck was considerably longer and instead of legs the creature had flappers."

Everyone scoffed merrily at the captain's statement until scientists revealed his description matched precisely with that of a prehistoric monster called the "Plesiosaurus." Recently, a zoologist suggested these beasts may have "moved into the ocean depths when life on land became precarious."

At a recent meeting of the International Oceanographic Congress at the United Nations, it was stated that prehistoric life forms still exist in the ocean. These scientists had found foot-long shark's teeth. "It would be necessary for a shark to have a jaw span of 14 to 20 feet to hold teeth of that size," one oceanographer stated.

One scientist not only believes in marine monsters but has fished for these creatures. Dr. Robert Menzies of Columbia University used a fishing line with a two-and-one-half-ton breaking point. Attached to the ship's winch, the line contained a three-foot steel hook that was baited with squid.

Dr. Menzies was fishing a few years ago in the waters of

the deep Peru-Chile ocean trench along South America. His hook was at 1,200 feet when "something" grabbed the bait. There was a brief flurry of action and then the line seemed to break. Later, Dr. Menzies discovered his steel hook had been completely straightened by the furious ocean creature!

Predictions of Our Future

Jeanne Dixon, the noted Washington, D.C., psychic, has made predictions for each incoming year through articles written by Ruth Montgomery and printed in newspapers throughout the nation. Some of Mrs. Dixon's prophecies have included:

—The United States will be forced to sign a Vietnam treaty on Communist terms within five years. The Russians will threaten to destroy some of our cities with newly developed satellites unless the treaty is signed.

—There is an "object orbiting around the earth in the path of a blue belt" with the letters MIRV on it. Mrs. Dixon says it is equipped with atomic missiles. It has landed in the United States and was mistakenly identified as a flying saucer.

—The Russians will demand the surrender of Free Europe by using 200 missiles now located in the Carpathian Mountains as blackmail.

—The Vietnam war is "a little bonfire," in comparison to greater hostilities to come in Africa, Latin America, and the Middle East. (Note: This prediction was published months before the Israeli-Arab conflict of the summer of 1967.)

—Although UFO's are "real objects" they do not come from outer space. Mrs. Dixon stated they are remote-controlled, unmanned devices under test by both the American and Russian governments.

—1967 and 1968 are stated to be "Republican years." The opportunity for a Republican victory at the polls in 1968 "is wider than it has been since 1952."

—Great advances will be made in cancer research and treatments will be perfected soon which will effect a cure.

Irene Hughes, a Chicago psychic, was interviewed and several of her predictions published in the *Chicago Sun-Times*. They included:

—No peace in Vietnam in 1967.

—President Johnson will not seek reelection to the presidency in 1968.

—Republican George Romney will be elected in 1968 to the presidency. Mark Hatfield will be the vice-president.

The Day Niagara Falls Disappeared

At 2 A.M. on the morning of March 30, 1848, the people near Niagara Falls awoke with a feeling of apprehension. It was quiet. Too quiet. The roar of Niagara Falls had disappeared.

Uneasy men dressed quickly and raced to the river. Uncomprehending dread gripped their minds when they discovered the river had stopped flowing.

Niagara Falls had disappeared! The silence and stillness were terrifying.

"Nothing but mud puddles down there," a frightened old man croaked. He pointed down into the empty river.

"The river is completely empty of water," a New York newspaper correspondent wrote. "Gun barrels from the War of 1812 can be seen lying in a muddy tangle near Chippewa. There are huge, sharp rocks covering part of the river bed."

Within hours after giant Niagara Falls disappeared, superstitious rumors swept through the region. "It's a warning. Something dreadful is going to happen," some claimed.

"The end of the world is here!" shouted an itinerant preacher. "Repent, sinners! The day of judgment is here!"

For 24 frightening hours, people wept with fear or prayed for deliverance. Then, in the middle of the night of April 1 there was a faint rumbling. The people sprinted to the river where the tremendous roar of Niagara Falls indicated the mighty river had returned as mysteriously as it had vanished.

It was the only time in recorded history that Niagara Falls disappeared.

Evangeline Adams— Astrology's Uncanny Prophet

Astrology, one of the most ancient cults, has been practiced for thousands of years and many world figures have relied on the advice of stargazers. King Solomon's court astrologers charted the possible planetary influences on his life. Adolf Hitler, a strong believer in charting the stars, had five astrologers preparing horoscopes for him. Karl Kraft, one of Europe's most celebrated astrologers, died in a Nazi concentration camp after his advice to Hitler turned out badly.

Today, Americans spend $100,000,000 with astrologers. They seek advice on love and personal problems, information on how to avoid personal danger and knowledge of how to get ahead. Many business executives and professional men consult their astrologers regularly.

Much of this mushrooming interest in astrology was triggered by the astonishing efforts of Evangeline Adams, a descendant of John Quincy Adams and the Boston bluebloods. Prim and proper, Miss Adams established an astrology service in New York City on March 16, 1899. She became an overnight sensation for predicting one of the city's worst disasters.

When Miss Adams checked into the old Windsor Hotel on New York's exclusive Fifth Avenue, she was introduced to Hotel Manager Warren F. Leland. "Would you chart my horoscope?" Leland inquired.

Miss Adams was barely settled in her room. "You can become my first client," she replied, however. Later, she reported the hotel manager's horoscope revealed "danger so imminent that it seemed that Mr. Leland was being pushed into the very depths of disaster."

Alarmed, Miss Adams informed Leland of this frightening factor in his horoscope. "This tragedy will occur in the very near future," she warned. "It could happen tomorrow."

A heavy trader in the stock market, Leland immediately

thought of a Wall Street crash. "No, it can't be the market. The exchange is closed tomorrow because of St. Patrick's Day," he decided.

Disaster came from another area. The annual St. Patrick's Day parade was marching down Fifth Avenue when a spectator glanced up at the elegant Windsor Hotel. Flames were spurting out of the windows on the top floor. The building became a blazing inferno. Firemen were unable to smother the blaze and the Windsor quickly became a smoking ruin. New Yorkers counted scores of dead bodies. Many more had been burned or injured in New York's worst hotel fire.

Warren Leland was frantically searching the crowd for his family when an ashen-faced patrolman approached. "We found your wife and your daughter, Helen," the patrolman said sorrowfully.

"Were they . . . ?"

The policeman nodded.

Evangeline Adams barely escaped the leaping flames and, like many others', her valuables were destroyed in the flames. When she read newspaper accounts of the fire on the following morning, she discovered Warren Leland had informed newsmen of her amazing prediction, and she became a sensation. Clients lined up to obtain advice and predictions from the stargazer.

Her clients during the next four decades included some of the world's most famous celebrities. Financier J. P. Morgan consulted with Miss Adams for market advice. The Vanderbilt family, Tallulah Bankhead, Enrico Caruso, Mary Pickford, and two presidents of the New York Stock Exchange flocked to receive her advice.

Mainbocher, one of the world's leading fashion designers, once planned to become an opera singer. Miss Adams told him in the 1920s that his fame would be in a "profession involved with color and moving figures."

"I was terribly upset at first," Mainbocher admitted. "However, I eventually became editor of *Paris Vogue* and then became a designer. It makes a person wonder."

In 1914, Miss Adams was arrested on a charge of fortune-telling which is against the laws of New York state. A similar charge had been thrown out of court earlier. Miss Adams cast her own horoscope. "I want to be tried and we're going to win the case," she informed her attorneys.

She appeared at the trial with vast stacks of astrology books and historical data on astrology that went back to the star-gazing seers in ancient Babylon. Miss Adams demonstrated her working methods to the jam-packed courtroom. "I take a birth date and note the exact positions of the stars and planets for that moment," she related. "This information is penned on the chart. My conclusions are based on this placement of the planets and stars."

Miss Adams accepted a challenge to cast a horoscope for the court. "I'll provide the date of a person I know and check the accuracy of your evaluations," the judge stated.

The amazing astrologer successfully cast a horoscope for the judge's son. "The defense has raised astrology to the position of an exact science," the judge said. "Case dismissed." Fortune tellers are still outlawed in New York today but astrologers can make their predictions without fear of arrest.

In 1928 the nation was at the peak of unprecedented prosperity. Thoughts of another war were far from everyone's mind. Miss Adams publicly predicted that the United States would be drawn into one of the worst holocausts in history. "It will occur next time between the years 1940 and 1943 and the war which follows will be a terrible racial, religious and economic battle. It will be a frightful struggle."

Eleven years later, jack-booted Nazi storm-troopers smashed across the borders of several small European nations. World War II had started.

The Ghost Music that Floats Across Yellowstone Lake

The first explorers of the American wilderness heard strange tales about the "ghost music" that floats across the waters of Yellowstone Lake, which is today in Yellowstone National Park. These individuals went to the shores of the lake and heard for themselves the eerie music that Indian legends have romanticized.

Stories told about this strange and distant musical humming range from the absolute grotesque to the most humorous. One legend has it that an Indian maiden who was in love with a young warrior in her tribe was forced to marry another man. Before the marriage was to take place the Indian maid swam into the waters of Yellowstone Lake and was never seen again. She is somewhere out there, so it is told, singing her mournful dirge in hopes that her long-lost lover will find her. The story has it that when the man she loves hears her baleful music, he will swim out and free her.

Another variant is that the lover is stranded somewhere out on the waters and he is playing a flute and shaking gourds in order to attract the ears and eyes of his long-lost lady love.

Several people have heard that an ancient tribe of Indians in the Yellowstone vicinity captured an enormous buffalo and were trying to bring it home alive when the wild beast charged into the lake, dragging several of the young braves after him. The buffalo and the braves were never seen again; but the soft cries of animal and struggling warriors can still be heard.

Clyde M. Bauer, geologist and former Chief Naturalist at Yellowstone National Park, has described the "ghost music" as "noises that resemble the ringing of telegraph wires or the hum of bees." He says, "The sounds approach you, grow more distinct, pass immediately overhead, then fade away in the opposite direction from which they came at the same slow rate of speed."

Others have described the strange music as being similar to the mournful whine of a pipe organ echoing throughout some gigantic cathedral, accompanied by the tolling echo of bells.

Park Naturalist John M. Good, among others who have investigated and studied the phenomenon, has stated that no logical explanation for the ghost music can be found. Perhaps one day man will learn what causes the ghost music of Yellowstone Lake.

The Man Who Invented Life

The people who lived in or near the peaceful village of Elworthy, England, a small community snuggled in the Quantock Hills of Somerset, openly welcomed a mild, middle-aged man into their midst in 1899. An amateur scientist with an inclination for weird, unusual experiments, Andrew Crosse had inherited a small, dilapidated farm near the village. Several of his neighbors helped move his equipment into one of the ramshackle buildings on the farm.

The villagers' welcome soon changed to apprehension when Crosse's strange experiments shattered the quietness of the town. His neighbors began to believe Crosse was some sort of demented atheist who should be locked up to protect the community.

"He's a Frankenstein attempting to make a devil monster," declared an alarmed neighbor. "You should see the wild flashes of lightning thundering out of his laboratory at night. It's uncanny and against natural law."

"I've heard the noises. He's the thunder and lightning man all right," declared a merchant. He lowered his voice. "Some say he's a wizard of the devil."

Despite the malicious gossip spread by his neighbors, Andrew Crosse puttered in his laboratory and, in the summer of 1900, startled the scientific world with an incredible announcement. "I have succeeded in transforming a chunk of stone into a living, moving creature," Crosse informed the London Electrical Society. "I cannot explain my discovery and will not venture an opinion on the reason for the phenomenon."

The scientific establishment was shocked by such statements, especially from an amateur researcher. They reacted with ridicule and disbelief. "It is impossible for some mysterious life force to be released through the convergence of stone and electricity," declared a noted scientist.

Was it possible that Andrew Crosse had stumbled onto the secret of creation? Had he developed a fourth dimensional process that had eluded traditional scientists? Many thought

so, and through the notes in his "Memorials" Crosse left precise instructions for duplicating his life-producing experiments.

One afternoon the amateur scientist decided to perform a test on the manufacture of artificial siliceous crystals through electrical charges.

Crosse electrified a piece of porous stone by attaching leads from a storage battery and submerged the material into sulphuric acid and silicate of potash solution. Electrical current was regularly flashed through the poisonous mixture.

"On the fourteenth day from the start of my experiment I observed through the microscope several whitish excrescences or nipples," Crosse wrote. "These projected from the middle of the stone. On the eighteenth day, these became larger. Each was longer than the hemisphere in which they grew."

On the twenty-eighth day, Crosse checked his experiment again and was surprised to discover "these appearances have assumed the shape of a perfect insect standing erect on a few bristles which form their tails!"

Until then, Crosse felt the nipples were nothing more than mineral formations. He reported that on the thirtieth day the insects began to move their legs. "I must say that I was really astonished!" Crosse wrote, excitedly, in his journal. A few days later, the insects detached themselves from the rock and moved freely "at their own pleasure."

Within a few weeks, approximately one hundred of the creatures appeared out of the electrified solution. Crosse examined these specimens under a microscope and found they were not of any known species. The smaller ones scurried about on six legs and the larger ones had eight legs. They lived for about a week and then died.

"I next imagined, as others have done, that these creatures might originate from water contained in the porous stone." During his subsequent experiments he used oxide powders and acid and did away with the stone. He sterilized his jars, boiled his equipment and, miraculously, the electrical current surging through the air-tight containers created more specimens of the insects.

Scientists came to his dilapidated farm and watched Crosse create life out of nothing. Visitors agreed his methods were virtually error-free and they were unable to explain the incredible phenomena. Nevertheless, eminent scientists such as the famed Faraday told the Royal Institute that, while

agreeing with Crosse's findings, his scientist colleagues categorically denied the possibility of life being produced by artificial methods.

As more scientists poured into the tiny village to watch his experiments, Crosse became the subject of a bitter scientific controversy. "I have told the truth," he insisted, determinedly. "If I am lying some of my detractors should be able to prove it by trying the experiment for themselves."

Vilified and persecuted, Andrew Crosse eventually stopped his experiment. "I wish I had not mentioned it," he said, sadly. The same experiment was also tested by an amateur scientist in Sandwich, England, and he announced that Crosse was absolutely correct in his statements. The newcomer was also attacked by the scientific establishment.

After the controversy died down, Andrew Crosse continued to pursue other experiments in his laboratory. He conducted a study of the spark gap and, during one test in 1903, set his laboratory afire. He was killed while attempting to save his records and equipment from the flames.

The obscure scientist's work was quickly forgotten. As science probes deeper into the mysteries of life today, Andrew Crosse may yet be vindicated as "the man who invented life."

America's Strangest UFO Sighting

The Piedmont and Valley View streetcar clanked over the steel trolley tracks in downtown Oakland, California, on the evening of November 22, 1896. It was the last run of the day and driver Shelby Yost was in lively spirits as he discussed the recent presidential election with a passenger, Oakland businessman Charles H. Ellis.

"What did you think about McKinley's win?" Yost inquired.

"He'll make a good man," Ellis replied. "McKinley is a sound man. You could never tell about William Jennings Bryan. Some of his ideas—"

Their conversation suddenly ended when a bright flash of light spread over the Oakland sky. "What the—" Driver Yost braked his vehicle to a screeching stop. He leaped into the street and was followed by the 15 passengers.

"I thought my senses had left me," Yost reported later to newsmen. "I know there isn't anything like an airship but there was one flying across the sky."

Businessman Charles H. Ellis agreed. "It was a strange craft, about 300 to 400 feet above the ground. It hovered over us and looked like a giant bird with four pods with rotor devices on them. It was travelling at about 20 miles an hour. I have always considered airships a joke. Now I must believe in them."

William Rodda, another baffled Californian who saw the weird craft, agreed. "It was uncanny. I thought it might have been a big balloon with lights but some intelligence was controlling the device. I think it landed in San Francisco Bay."

It was no wonder that the Californians doubted their eyes. The airplane was only a dream in 1896 and it would be another decade before the Wright brothers made their first successful flight at Kitty Hawk. What the Oakland residents and many other Californians had seen was one of America's first UFOs.

In Sacramento, hundreds of startled residents dashed onto their lawns when the night sky blazed with bright, pulsating lights. A craft, similar to the one that had hovered over Oak-

land, illuminated entire neighborhoods with a beam of flashing light.

Newspapers bannered the story on their front pages. "SAW THE MYSTIC FLYING LIGHT," proclaimed the *San Francisco Call.* "Oaklanders believe an airship hovered above them! They saw a dark body above the gleam of lights," the drop heads announced.

"It is the prevalent opinion that the mystery of flying in the air has finally been solved and is being put to a practical test," an editor wrote.

Attorney H. H. Hart, who had served as attorney general of California, informed newsmen that the strange object actually was an airship. "I represent an inventor who has developed the device to be used in Cuba's war against Spain," Hart said.

A San Jose mechanic claimed he made repairs on the craft at an isolated airstrip north of San Francisco. "After the repairs were made, we traveled to Hawaii in less than 24 hours," the mechanic claimed. These stories were never authenticated.

Reports of airships spread throughout the nation. Two thousand awed people watched a mysterious flying machine hover over Newton, Iowa, on the night of April 10, 1897. Several hundred people saw a similar object float over Norman, Oklahoma, on the following night.

Several messages were found that were supposedly dropped from the airship. One letter, addressed to inventor Thomas A. Edison, was signed by a "C. L. Harris."

Edison scoffed at the message. "It's a fake. I have known several men named Harris but none with those initials. Besides, it is absolutely impossible to imagine that someone could construct an airship in secrecy. Someone will invent an airship in the near future but I prefer to devote my efforts to objects with some commercial value. Airships would only be toys."

Hallucination, the first airplane, or an interplanetary flying saucer? Although seventy-one years have passed since the first sighting of the mysterious object, it has never been identified.

Strange Bedroom Superstitions

The obsequious hotel manager chattered excitedly as he led English author Charles Dickens into his New York hotel suite during the writer's first visit to America. "We have checked to be certain everything is in order," the manager beamed.

The celebrated novelist nodded. "May I see the bedroom?"

Moments later, the hotel manager was surprised when Dickens removed a compass from his luggage. The Englishman glanced at the needle. "The bed is wrong," he announced. "I must have the head of the bed pointed due north and the foot, directly south."

The manager nodded, timidly. "Of course, Mr. Dickens. You may supervise the change yourself." He paused. "May I—well, I was wondering why?"

"Good Lord, man. Don't you know that if a bed is headed in the wrong direction the magnetic rays from the earth will interfere with your sleep?" Dickens snapped.

Charles Dickens was just one of many famous personalities whose bedroom hours were governed by such superstitious beliefs. Novelist Mark Twain slept only in a bedroom with an open window. Twain tried to sleep one night in a room where the windows could not be opened. Tossing fitfully during the night, the author threw a boot toward the window. He heard the crash of breaking glass.

"Now, I can sleep," Twain said, gratefully.

The following morning, the Missourian discovered his boot had broken the glass door of a book case. The windows were still bolted.

In the middle ages, a woman who loved her husband slept only on his right side.

The belief that a hard mattress provides restful sleep originated with the Spartans, who forced their male children to sleep outdoors in all kinds of weather so they would not become soft.

The Clairvoyant Who Caught Criminals

Walter Mutschell, a clairvoyant who was associated with an insurance company in Stettin, Germany, in the 1920s, used his psychic powers to catch criminals.

A large mill, insured by the company, was destroyed in a suspicious blaze. Mutschell entered a trance and envisioned every detail of the fire and the arsonist. Stenographers recorded every word of the clairvoyant's eerie messages as Mutschell related a description of the man who set the fire. "He works at the mill," Mutschell moaned. "That's it! He wears dirty clothes." He outlined several physical characteristics of the arsonist and stated the man was a laborer.

Police officials used the amazingly accurate description of the criminal and, to their astonishment, discovered it matched precisely with a laborer at the mill. Confronted with the information of his fiery techniques, the man confessed.

It was one of the many cases where Mutschell's incredible powers as a mentalist nabbed criminals through clairvoyance.

Ship with the Grisly Skeleton Crew

The *Marlborough* was an old-fashioned sailing ship, even in those days of 1890. The Scottish vessel, out of Glasgow, was manned by a full crew of able seamen who preferred the romance of a three-masted ship to the mechanized routine of newer steamships.

The January sun dimmed over New Zealand as the last bawling sheep was reluctantly driven aboard the vessel. Several passengers, including a young woman who was returning to England, briskly walked up the gangplank and were shown to the passenger cabins by proud seamen.

"Welcome aboard, ma'm," Joseph Hird, the *Marlborough's* first officer, welcomed the apprehensive young lady. "The animals will settle down when we weigh anchor. The *Marlborough* is the strongest, cleanest, best-manned ship on the seas today. You'll have a lovely voyage."

Hird escorted the young woman to her luxurious cabin and then returned to his duties on deck. The massive canvas sails were hoisted, the anchor lifted and the vessel sailed smoothly out of the harbor. "We'll be in England in record time," commented a sailor.

The *Marlborough's* sails filled with wind as the vessel sailed onward—and disappeared! The ship was last spotted off the Straits of Magellan where a cheery greeting was signalled to a passing steamer.

In October, 1913, a schooner was sailing off Tierra del Fuego, the southern edge of South America, when a tattered, ghost-like ship was spotted on the horizon.

The captain signaled. There was no reply from the strange ship, whose greenish hulk twisted in the sea. Curious, the captain and several puzzled crewmen launched a boat and rowed toward the mysterious green vessel.

"MARLBOROUGH—GLASGOW" read a faded legend on the deteriorated bow.

"Lord! She's a ghost ship," croaked an alarmed sailor as

the boat moved closer. He counted rapidly on his fingers. "She's been lost for twenty-four years."

"Ahoy! Ahoy! Anyone aboard?" The captain's shout was answered only by low, moaning creaks of the ship planks.

Crawling aboard the vessel, past a green slimy substance that covered her sides, they discovered the *Marlborough* was manned by a grisly crew of fully clothed skeletons. Four bleach-boned skeletons stared up from the deck. Another was slumped over the wheel, twisting like a ghastly phantom whenever the surging sea moved the ship's rudder. Ten others were found in the forecastle and another six were lying in the wardroom.

Through some flaw in the howling universe of the unknown, the *Marlborough* had sailed through some of the world's most dangerous waters, pounded by wind and waves. The ship had been completely out of control or else it was guided by a crew of skeletons!

Although an intensive investigation was launched, the *Marlborough* became another of the enigmas of the sea. The deaths of the crew and passengers were never explained.

The Strange Phenomenon of the King's Healing Hands

The palace guards stared indifferently into the overcast sky above London and paced away a tedious tour of duty. It was A.D. 1045 and their thoughts were on the wine and wenching that would follow their dreary guard duty. Suddenly, a young woman with coarse, pale features dashed past the guardhouse, through the palace gates and into the king's gardens.

"Hey! Stop in the name of the king!" Several resolute guardsmen raised their swords and pursued the running woman. Panting, she scurried around and about through the hedges and shrubbery and succeeded in evading the apprehensive guards.

"She must be around here," growled a guard, timidly plunging his sword through the shrubbery.

"Silence!" It was the guard captain. "She's entered the palace, you fools! If she harms the king it'll be the gaol for your sorry souls."

The woman cautiously entered the king's palace, which smelled of rich foods and spicy perfumes, and followed the sounds of voices to the great hall where men and women were gathered around the royal throne. A squat, bearded man with tired eyes looked out indifferently over the crowd. The light in the palace, derived from smoky oil lamps, was dim and uncertain and, although it was summer, a fire blazed to hold off the chill in the stone palace. Some scrolls were lying open on a heavy table and a gaunt, thin-faced man in a long robe presided over these.

"How do I find out who is the king?" the woman inquired.

Startled, the man at the table wheeled about. "Do you have an appointment?" He stared at the woman's crude clothing. "Are you certain you're supposed to be here?"

"We'll take charge now, my lord." The captain and a cluster of guards surrounded the woman. The captain firmly grabbed the woman by the arm. "Come with me. You have some explanations to offer."

"I'll not go," the woman shouted. She pressed her hand against the captain's face and he fell back, dropping his sword onto the stone floor. "I must see the king," the woman cried.

The noise attracted the attention of King Edward the Confessor. His eyes adjusted to the dimness of the room and his curiosity was aroused. "Did you wish to see me, madam?"

"Now you're in for it," whispered the captain, fearfully.

The woman timidly walked toward the king. "I—I—Your Majesty, I—"

"Speak up woman," a harsh voice ordered from the edge of the darkened hall.

The king raised his hand for silence.

"Sir, I'm very ill. The bleeders cannot cure me." The woman removed a checkered shawl from around her neck. "They say the humours have collected here and swelled in a dreadful manner. One night last month I dreamed that if the king washed the sore it would be cured. Please. I beg you . . ."

King Edward walked forward and inspected the open, running sore on the woman's thick neck. "How long have you been afflicted?"

"Several months, Your Majesty. Almost since the day I married last fall." She blushed.

"You have given me a diversion from the routine of an otherwise dull afternoon." The king ordered a basin of water brought into the hall. A page returned quickly and placed a brimming basin of cold water on the table. King Edward cupped his palm and splashed water onto the sore. "It has a large opening and it's pretty messy," he announced, bathing the orifice with a cloth. "I'll order the royal physician to check you each day until it is healed. The treasury will support you until you are fully cured."

The woman nodded gratefully. "I feel better already, Your Majesty."

Legends report the wound was completely healed within a week and the woman and her friends and neighbors spread news of the miraculous cure. Within a month, all of England gossiped about the incident. "Edward is a holy one," many claimed. "He has the king's healing touch."

From that strange beginning rose the belief that the touch of a monarch's hands would create healing powers to cure scrofula (tuberculosis of the neck glands) or epilepsy. It became another tedious royal duty to hold audiences where

the ill, the lame, and the troubled were touched by the king. The clamor for the king's healing touch was so great that an elaborate ritual was established, with the king walking through long lines of subjects and touching each person. Those who desired the cure were often led to the throne by a Bishop or an equally important clergyman.

King Edward the Confessor and his successors disclaimed any ability to cure. As he touched the sick, the king announced, "I touch, but God heals all who believe!" After prayers and further blessings by the king, it was a tradition for the sick person to be given a shiny, newly minted gold piece affixed to a thin silver chain. This was worn around the neck to prevent further illness.

Eventually, the right to touch and effect miraculous cures was considered a sacred duty of the king. King James I denounced the ritual as "superstitious nonsense" but continued to follow the tradition because of political considerations.

William III was even more outspoken. "Why should a king have to touch a bunch of bloody sores?" he inquired. His advisers soothingly talked of politics and suggested the ritual be continued. William III relented but often shocked his patients when he touched the afflicted area and said, "May God give you better health and more sense in the future."

Queen Anne was the last of the English monarchs to practice the royal touch. The practice was discontinued after her death. One of the last persons to receive the royal touch was Dr. Samuel Johnson. His biographer, Boswell, stated the healing failed and Dr. Johnson suffered from scrofula throughout his life.

The tradition of the king's healing touch spread to other nations and monarchs throughout the world were forced to practice it. King Louis XVI touched more than 2,000 persons during a tiresome ceremony one Easter morning during his reign.

Many of the English kings also dispensed "cramp rings," which supposedly had magical properties to prevent stomach and intestinal disorders. Some women wore the rings on a chain around their necks (between their breasts) as a preventive for the "vapours." This practice was also discontinued as medicine progressed and, today, the few kings and queens left on their thrones are mere figureheads with little power, healing or otherwise.

Arizona's Lost Viking Treasure Mines

Millions in precious metals is waiting for the man who finds several lost gold and silver mines northwest of Tucson, near the community of Red Rock, Arizona. These ancient diggings were reported to have been mined by a crew of tall, bearded white men who came to Arizona several hundred years before the first Spanish Conquistador arrived in the region.

"The white ones buried their yellow stuff when the Great War between the tribes started," an ancient Indian legend stated. "They tried to return to the lands across the great waters. Some were killed by fierce warriors. Others escaped and disappeared into the desert."

Some credence is added to this old legend when it is compared with the history of the Aztecs. A "white one with hair on his face" was said to have visited several Aztec cities from A.D. 920 to 935 before his disappearance. This man and the gold miners in Arizona could have been Vikings from Leif Ericson's Norse colony which came to the northern coast of our country about that same time, some treasure hunters believe.

Somewhere in the rugged, arid Arizona desert is a fortune in gold possibly cached by the unfortunate Viking explorers. With modern electronic treasure detection equipment, gold-hungry hunters have uncovered many legendary treasures. Is this another of these bonanzas?

The Prophetic Phantom of Texas

The Phantom Horseman of Chisholm Hollow, a frightening apparition who haunts a small valley in the hills of Central Texas, has predicted America's entry into every war for over a century.

The first recorded appearance of the ghost rider was reported by a man named McConnell. The Mexican War was launched on the following day.

Emmett Ringstaff saw the ghost on April 10, 1861, shortly before the nation was plunged into the Civil War. The phantom was also glimpsed on the eve of the Spanish-American and World War I hostilities.

Several Texans passed the hollow on Sunday, December 7, 1941, when the rider rode out of the brush, thundered down the road and vanished. Bulletins about the bombing of Pearl Harbor were broadcast a few minutes later.

Texans believe the specter is the spirit of a Spanish Conquistador. Clad in metal armor and wearing a gleaming Spanish helmet, the phantom thunders down the hollow on a beautiful black horse.

One attempt was made to farm the land where the spirit dwells. It was given up after a series of disastrous accidents. Few people venture into Chisholm Hollow, but many believe in the Phantom's eerie ability to foretell the start of war.

80,000,000 Trees Are Burning

Shortly before 11 o'clock on the morning of June 30, 1908, a large area of Siberia was devastated by one of the world's largest explosions. The sky boiled with fiery flames as the countryside burned under incredible temperatures. A shattering boom could be heard for hundreds of miles and the violent shock waves shook observatory instruments throughout the world.

"An earthquake," claimed French scientists. "A new volcano," the Japanese suggested. "A meteor from outer space," maintained the Russians.

The few surviving witnesses straggled out of the blast area and told of a blazing fireball that had destroyed 80,000,000 trees. It had instantly incinerated 60 square miles of forests. The Russians officially recorded the holocaust as the "Tunguska meteorite" and promptly forgot it. Nineteen years later, a small group of scientists travelled to Siberia and inspected the damage.

"People who wander into the blast area die from a strange sickness," peasants related. "Nothing will grow there. Even the animals stay away."

After a study of the Hiroshima atomic blast following World War II, Russian scientist Alexander Kazentsev discovered trees in the Japanese and Siberian explosions contained alarming similarities. Radiation victims in Hiroshima had parallel symptoms with Siberians who had entered the sterile area.

Kazentsev promptly checked reports on the Siberian blast. "Flattened, burned trees were pushed outward from the center of the blast," he was told. "Some witnesses talked of a burning sky and a strange cloud rising from the point of impact."

Using the most modern technical equipment, the Soviet government launched a study of the Siberian explosion in the mid-1950s. Their findings indicated the meteor theory was quite erroneous. Geiger counters revealed a massive amount of radiation despite the passage of a half century

since the explosion. In addition, there was absolutely no evidence to indicate a meteor had fallen.

Armed with these facts, Kazentsev concluded the devastation was caused by an exploding atomic-powered space craft from another planet; considerable circumstantial evidence backed up these conclusions. Even Kazentsev's most belligerent critics admitted their inability to explain the explosion and classified it as a "phenomenon."

The Ghost in the Library

Dr. Augustus Jessopp, a dentist by profession and an antiquarian at heart, whistled merrily as he entered the dining hall at Mannington Manor on a crisp October evening in 1879. Lord Oxford, whose extensive collection of ancient books was known throughout England, had invited the dentist to spend a week-end at the great house and complete some research in the library.

After dinner, the group played cards until 10:30 and the conversation was animated. "We discussed the arts, travel and politics among other things," Dr. Jessopp and his host reported, later. "No one mentioned ghosts or the supernatural during the evening."

When two other guests had left, Lord Oxford turned to Dr. Jessopp. "Would you rather retire or spend some time in the library during the quiet of the night?"

Dr. Jessopp was elated. "I'd like to start now."

"I thought you might," Lord Oxford laughed. "The servants have built a warm fire and my valet will stay with you."

"I may take notes until morning," Jessopp said. "Let the poor man get his sleep."

Lord Oxford opened the massive doors leading into the library. It was a large room with expensive furniture. The shelves were crammed with rare, out-of-print books. Jessopp eagerly glanced through the titles. "It's a treasure trove," he declared.

Lord Oxford smiled. "My ancestors were almost insane about books. They purchased every new title for years and the library has always been maintained in excellent condition."

"They're priceless."

"Enjoy yourself," Lord Oxford said. "Have a pleasant night."

Dr. Jessopp selected several volumes from the shelves and stacked them on the desk. There were four large candles on the desk and a glowing fire in the fireplace added to

the illumination of the room. Reading and taking notes, the doctor worked feverishly until 1:30 A.M.

Dr. Jessopp's concentration was suddenly interrupted by a slight movement on the desk. He saw a pale hand lying on the desk. It was ghostly white, with strong blue veins etched across its back. The startled doctor wheeled around and saw a strange man who sat quietly in a chair by the desk with his back toward the fireplace.

"He's reading the titles of the books," Jessopp thought.

The visitor was clothed in the black silken garments worn by the English clergy during the early 1800s. His brownish-red hair contrasted vividly with his pale, thin face. Jessopp started to speak when, without warning, the strange visitor vanished!

Dr. Jessopp was a courageous individual, stolid and never given to over-active exercise of his imagination. He was keenly disappointed that he had failed to sketch the apparition.

The dentist turned again to his note-taking and, in about five minutes, saw the grisly pale hands reappear on the desk. He studied the ghost. The specter was in the same chair. Dr. Jessopp gave his total attention to the ghostly clergyman and tried to think of a possible greeting to the visitor.

"I dared not speak," he related, later. "A wave of fear suddenly spread through me. I dreaded the sound of my own voice."

The terrified doctor deliberately returned to his research and completed his notes with a trembling hand. He knew the silent visitor was still sitting at the desk. Closing a book, Dr. Jessopp dropped it to the floor. The figure vanished.

Fearful of the ghost's return to the haunted library, Jessopp quickly replaced the books in their shelves, blew out the candles and dashed through the chilly halls of Mannington Manor to his bedroom.

The dentist informed his host of the ghostly visitor at breakfast the next morning. Lord Oxford was mystified. "No one else has ever seen a ghost here," the nobleman declared. "Your description doesn't match anyone who might have lived here."

Englishmen have always been interested in ghosts and Dr. Jessopp's experience was exaggerated, embellished and repeated throughout the country. Fanatical believers in the

supernatural declared the dentist was a medium to whom ghosts appeared. His office became crowded with these people. "I insist he allow me to speak with my dead husband," one woman shouted.

In an effort to clear up the confusion, Dr. Jessopp allowed the *London Athenaeum* to publish his account of the experience. The article was published about two months after the ghost appeared in the library.

"I am not the type of man who engages in flights of fancy," Dr. Jessopp emphasized. "Nor am I a crazy dreamer whose confused nervous system renders me abnormally liable to fancy." The dentist reported he was in perfect health on the night the ghost appeared and, despite the hour, was neither fatigued nor weary.

"Despite the exaggerated stories being told by confused people, the ghost was not garbed in a sheet nor was I able to see through it," Dr. Jessopp said in an interview. "The apparition was very natural in appearance and was so solid that it blocked the light from the fireplace."

If Dr. Jessopp was ever visited again by the specter, he did not mention the experience to anyone. Gradually, his dental practice returned to a normal routine and the dentist's encounter with the ghostly visitor became forgotten.

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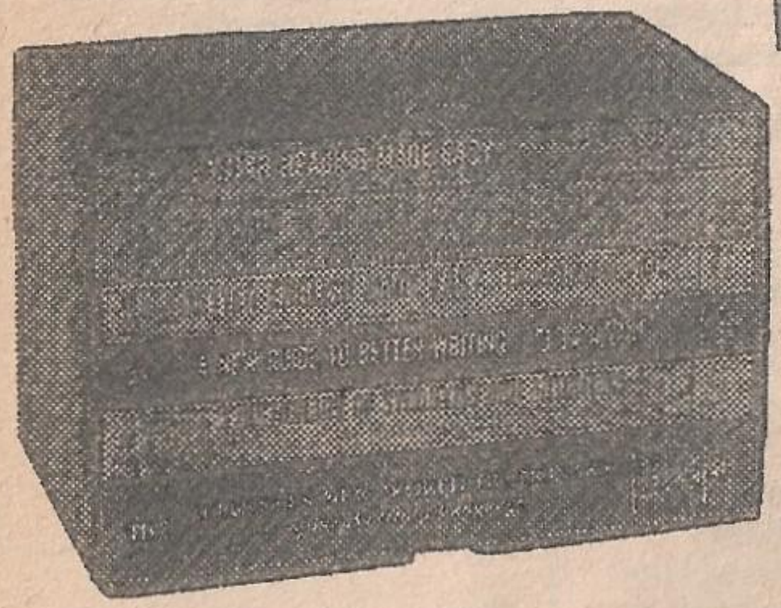

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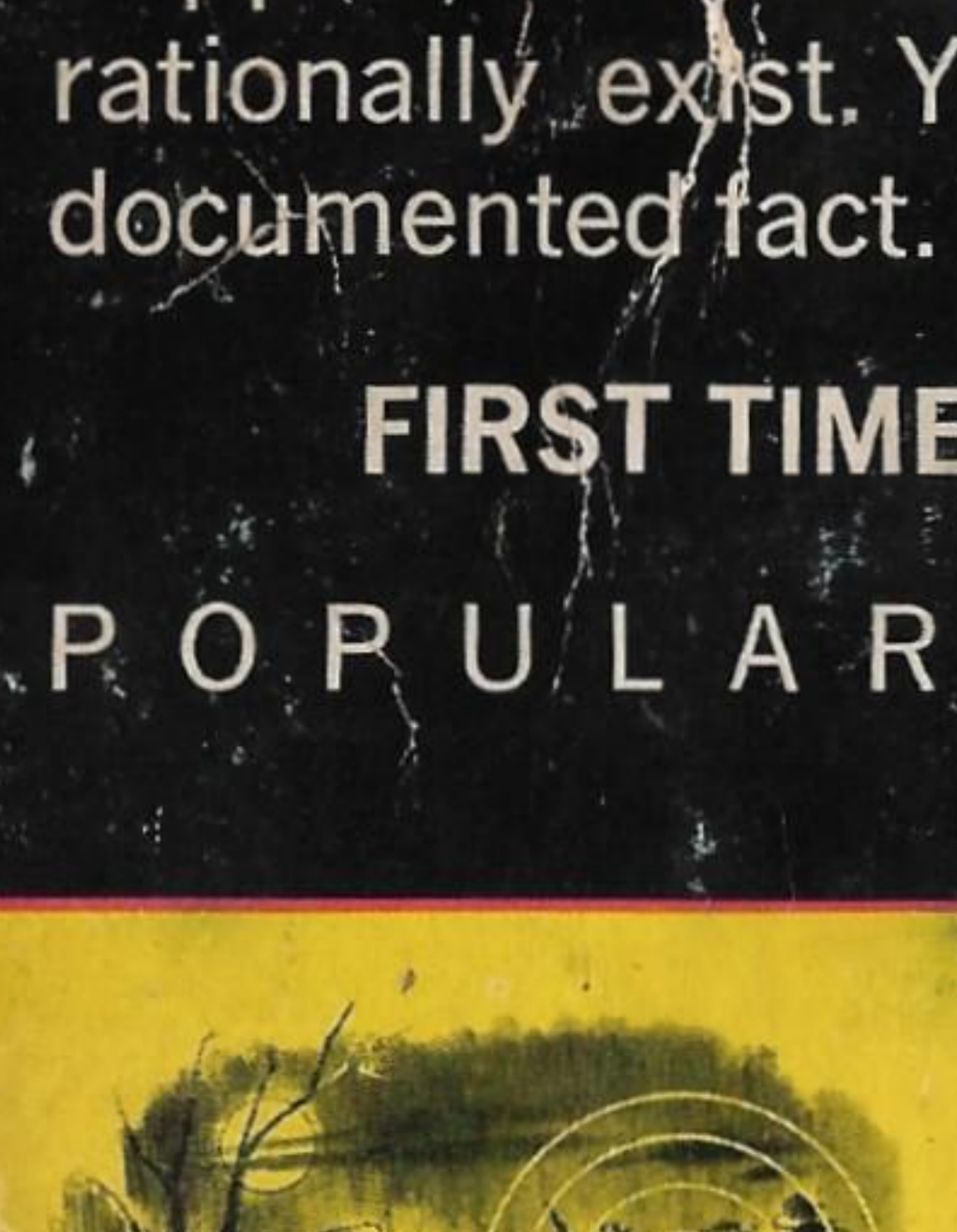

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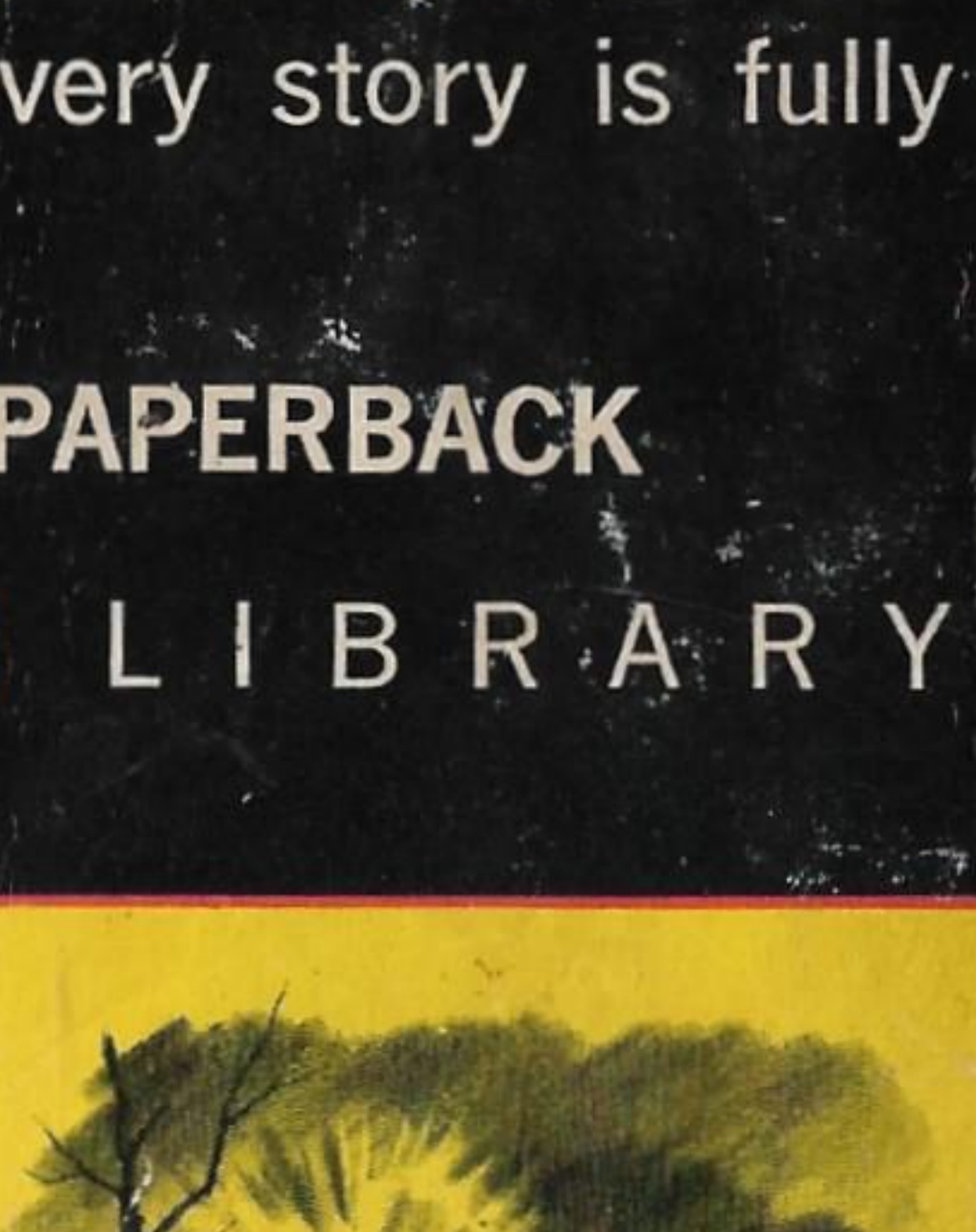

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